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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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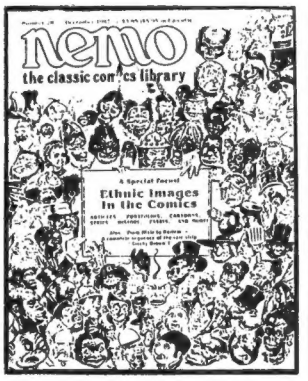

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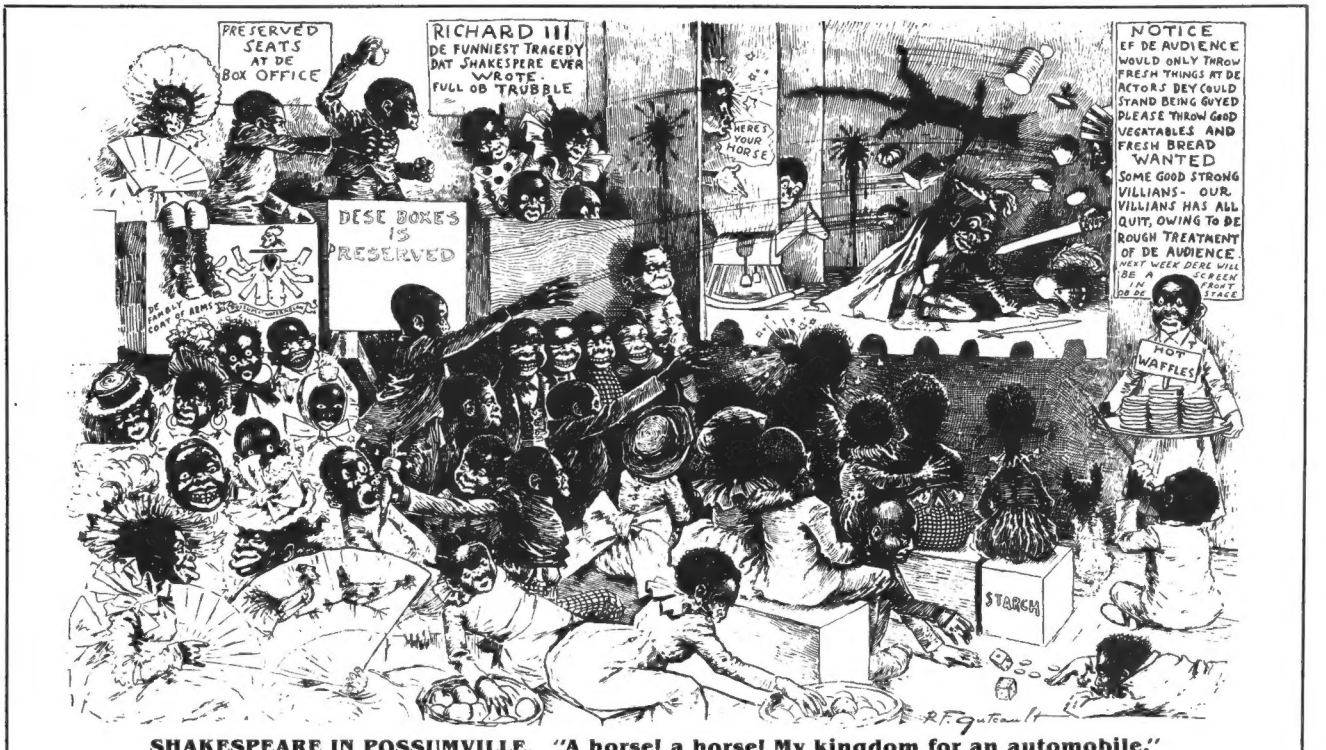
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R.F. Outcault

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11 *Sam's Strip*, by Walker and Browne, premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

12 The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

13 Big half-year sequence from Will Gould's classic, violent *Red Barry*; *Major Hoople*; a look back at TAD; and another installment of *Sam's Strip*.

15 A long sequence from Milton Caniff's *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long "European Heroes" installment; plus reviews and letters.

16 A retrospective of the comic-strip adaptations of *Huckleberry Finn*; George Herriman's pre-Kat strip, *Baron Bean*; *Hairbreadth Harry* concludes; the art of Joseph Clement Coll.

18 *Li'l Abner's* Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggie" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

19 A classic episode of *Kerry Drake*, Andriola's detective strip; with *Big Chief Wahoo* in Hollywood; the political art of Frank King; and Penman of the Past Russell Patterson.

20 Gustave Verbeek's classic *Terrors of the Tiny Tads*; R.B. Fuller's adventurous *Oaky Doaks*; *Sam's Strip*; letters; and an special pictorial spread on strip promotion art. Cover by Alex Raymond.

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Editorial

Images of Others. . . Images Of Ourselves

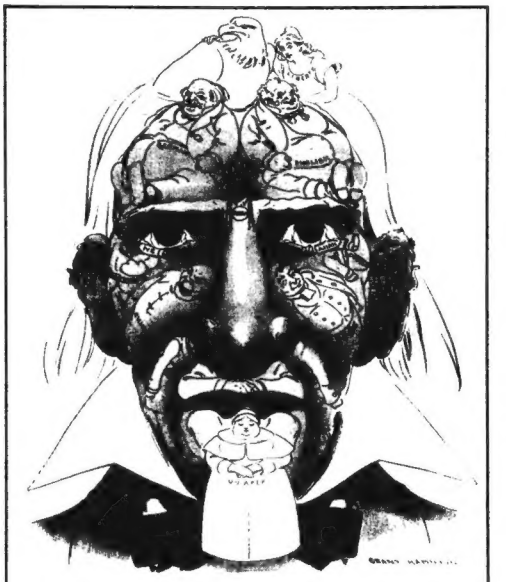
A not-so-old joke goes something like this:
"Do you know how to save a drowning bigot?"
"No."
"Good."

This issue of *NEMO* is devoted to ethnic images in comics history, but this editorial is devoted in large part to items in the wardrobe of the Emperor's New Clothes. America, not so surprisingly and not so exclusively, is and has been a land of contrasts. Colonists who fled persecution sometimes practiced it themselves; they had had the world's best teachers for one thing, but mostly they came to these shores not specifically to renounce discrimination but merely to escape it against themselves.

During last year's bicentennial of the Constitution the institution of slavery seemed like a scarlet letter born by Founding Fathers who sanctioned it even as they planned and constructed a more perfect union and a document that could serve through the ages as a guarantor of liberty. Our national landscape is scattered with injustice and bigotry.

But I believe the operative word is "scattered"—other cultures and nations sadly are cluttered, piled, and abounding with reprehensible acts of man against man. By this yardstick we ought to be humbly grateful of America's positive record; a City on the Hill indeed, and the long-sought Promised Land for many.

"What's past is prologue," even in this editorial. Just as a lot of America's social history is irretrievably woven with ethnic images and stereotypes, so too is cartoon history. And the reason is basic; the cartoon is probably the most reflective and least self-conscious of the arts. What society scorned, cartoons reported. When reforms were advanced, cartoons were the language used. What did the common people laugh at, revealing tastes, prejudices, fads, fashions? Cartoons showed us. Cartoons and comics—produced under pressure, intended for wide audiences—tell us more about ourselves than charts and graphs, and even more than plays and books and poems, whose goals may be aesthetic, symbolic or personal instead of mass.



Uncle Sam is a man of strong features.

Nevertheless we have been denying important parts of our history, in effect censoring items, trends, and—really—liberty in the name of sensitivity. One manifestation has been the effort to ban *Huckleberry Finn* from school libraries. In our own backyard it is the less organized but no less pervasive suppression of broad areas of cartooning history. Just as elsewhere ethnic depictions were stocks-in-trade of the cartoonists during the last century and into early parts of this era. Some images were outrageous, some surprisingly sensitive, but almost all dealt in stereotypes, thus making them hotter than the hottest coals to anyone dealing with the general area of American graphic humor today.

Here is the spectre of the Emperor's New Clothes: to write about, and document, the entirety of cartoon history while gingerly avoiding pictorial reference to ethnic images not only is a particularly dishonest way of conducting historiography; it also makes the sanitized remainder of history somewhat of a lie. Moreover, we ought never to argue with truth. To get a better sense of where, and what, we are, it is vital to fully understand what has gone before, and we can't do that by pretending things did not exist.

It might be uncomfortable to admit that some of the most brilliant cartooning talents in America devoted themselves to ethnic images generations ago. Examining the art and the content in vintage cartoons and comics is hardly likely to inspire anyone now—it didn't *then*—to organize lynch mobs or to stoke ovens. In point of fact, scholars today have been robbed by the suppression of this aspect of history, whether their pursuits are pure or in the cause of conflict or amity.

Having posited an argument for documentation as a resource as well as aesthetic study, I will state that I believe that most ethnic images in late 19th-century cartoons and early 20th-century comic strips were actually liberalizing influences. It is virtually impossible at first blush to imagine that is so from the vantage-point of 1988. But we have been sensitized; have lived through periods of assimilation, conflict, and liberation; we have committed ourselves to Civil Rights and Human Rights; we live with integration of all groups, to varying degrees to be sure, on TV all the time; and so on.

At the turn of the century, America was rather a homogenous society; it was a melting pot on paper but recent immigrants congregated largely in cities, and there only in certain neighborhoods. Clothing, customs, and languages were still markedly different from "American" ones . . . and from each other. Cartoonists noted these facts, usually with amusement. Just as recent cartoonists have utilized hippies, suburbanites, and yuppies as subjects, many earlier cartoonists focused on newcomers whose dress and preoccupations were different. The malice in handbills and inflammatory tracts gave way to amused dissection, offensive as some depictions may seem from 1988's hindsight. Moreover, cartoonists could ill afford to offend their potential readers—for many unlettered immigrants, the comic magazines and the funny papers were their initial introduction to American journalism. Finally, many of the cartoonists who depicted minority groups were the very members of those groups—notice the Irishmen of Sullivant and McManus, the Jews of Opper, the Germans of Zimmerman.

This has not been an apologia for racist slurs but rather an exercise in introducing a largely suppressed body of cartooning, and social, history; and an invitation to consider the material in this issue of *NEMO* in its context. The core of this issue is formed around the splendid exhibit at Philadelphia's Balch Institute of Ethnic Studies of Sept. 15-Dec. 20, 1986. Co-curators Gail Stern and Pamela Nelson mounted an impressive show and catalog featuring many aspects of history, documentations, and interpretation of minority groups, including even Anglo-Saxons, through the years in comics history. It is with their gracious permission that *NEMO* reprints four essays on the subject from their catalog.

A note on the contributors: Charles Hardy is a historical consultant, and produced *The Popular Culture Show* on the NPR station WHYY in Philadelphia. Pam Nelson is Curatorial Assistant and Registrar in the Museum of Balch Institute. John J. Appel is Professor of American Thought and Language at Michigan State University. Steven Loring Jones is completing work on his PhD in American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania, specializing in Afro-American popular culture.

The exhibit "Ethnic Images in the Comics" focused, as the title states, on strips. This issue has expanded the examination to vintage magazine cartoons, from the collection of Rick Marschall; and an exclusive reprint of a forgotten treasure, the adventure strip *Torchy Brown* by the black female cartoonist Jackie Ormes.

Richard Marschall

A Brief History Of Ethnicity in the Comics

By Charles Hardy

In the past 90 years the comics have gone from a gimmick to boost newspaper circulation to a cultural institution read daily by millions. Once dismissed as vulgar doodles for children they are now appreciated as an indigenous American art form. In the process these daily offerings of sight gags, one-liners, and ongoing sagas have offered a fascinating index of changing American notions about ethnicity, class, and gender.

Though with antecedents in both the European tradition of picture stories and American graphic humor, the American comic strip proper grew out of a newspaper war in the closing decades of the 19th century (when the large urban daily papers were fighting to increase their circulations). The immediate genesis was the competition between William Randolph Hearst's New York *Journal* and Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World* in the 1890s. The modern newspaper strip is often dated symbolically from the appearance of R.F. Outcault's *The Yellow Kid* in the New York *World* (in 1895).

The Yellow Kid was a bald, flap eared, one-toothed street urchin who acted as the commentator on life in Hogan's Alley. Located in New York City's slums, the alley was filled with assorted animals, ethnically mixed ragamuffins, and a host of rough-looking characters and visiting dignitaries. The tremendous success of the Yellow Kid, in whose honor the term Yellow Journalism was coined, brought forth a host of competitors. The products of big city papers, this first generation of strips reflected both the ethnic diversity and toughness of urban America.

Addressed to "the immature and to those of immature culture," as one comic historian has put it, the comics were a democratic art form, filled with rough, slapstick humor with a grotesque and sadistic edge to it. The early comics also had the greatest ethnic diversity in the history of the medium. There was *Happy Hooligan*, the simpleton Irish tramp with a small tin hat who, despite all of his attempts to do the right thing, always ended up in trouble; the German-inspired *Katzenjammer Kids* who spoke a pidgin German dialect while carrying out an endless series of fiendish pranks; and *Alphonse and Gaston*, the obsequious, fawningly polite Frenchmen who bowed and curtsied their way through life. Beneath this top echelon existed a whole world of strips with names like *Little Ah Sid the Chinese Kid*, and *Yanitor Yens Yenson*.

The growing success of the funnies quickly attracted the censorious attention of critics concerned about the influence of these boisterous, vulgar entertainments on their readers. This, coupled with their increasing popularity among adult readers, led to the appearance of new strips such as *Buster Brown* (1902) and Winsor McCay's beautifully drawn *Little Nemo in Slumberland* (1905) which brought a new gentility to the funnies and which better reflected the petty-bourgeois, suburban world and social concerns of the growing body of middle-class adult readers.

In 1913-1914 two classic strips appear in which new Americans saw comic renderings of thier own strivings for respectability and social mobility. George McManus's *Bringing Up Father*, one of the most popular strips of all time, began as a grand comedy of manners revolving around the contrasting reactions to new-found wealth of an Irish bricklayer, Jiggs, winner of a million-dollar sweepstakes, and Maggie, his washerwoman wife. While Maggie devoted herself to social climbing and fruitless attempts to remake her husband into a man of society, Jiggs desired only to escape to Dinty Moore's saloon for the companionship of his old friends, some poker, beer, and his corned beef and cabbage. Harry Hershfield's *Abie the Agent* (1914-1940) has been called the first "adult" comic strip due to its sympathetic and realistic rendering of the exploits of Jewish Abie Kabibble.

The early era of Sunday "funnies" and sporting page strips was soon supplanted by an art with formalized conventions and regular features. During the 1920s the world of the comics was transformed by the growth of national syndicates which marketed strips to newspapers in every small town, hamlet, and burg in the country. With syndication the comics became a big business. The need to appeal to a broad and amorphous national audience led inevitably to de-emphasis of an urban focus and the curtailment of controversial topics; including religion, occupations, trade unions, politics, and, of course, ethnicity. In their place,

Doonesbury
© Garry Trudeau
ATTENTION, GOOD PEOPLE! THIS IS CAPTAIN CLYDE!
BOOO!!
I KNOW SOME OF YOU THINK I SHOULD BE HIRING MINORITIES AT HOME INSTEAD OF MAKING MY COOKIES IN KOREA!
WELL, I'M A BUSINESSMAN, NOT A SOCIAL ENGINEER!
THE FACT IS, THE BEST BAKERS IN THE WORLD ARE KOREANS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BLACK BAKERS, MAN?
YEAH!
THEY USE TOO MUCH BUTTER, AND THEY LEAVE THE TOPS OFF THINGS!
RIGHT!
SAME OLD STEREOTYPES!
5-16
GBTrudeau

Doonesbury, by G.B. Trudeau.

the basic subject matter of the comic strips became the family, supplemented by romance, children and animals. *The Gumps* won its creator, Sidney Smith, the comic industry's first million dollar contract: $100,000 a year for 10 years.

While in the 1920s the world of comics saw the rise of domestic and pretty girl strips, the 1930s were invigorated with illustrated adventure stories, pioneered in 1929 with the appearance of *Tarzan* and *Buck Rogers.* Modeled after movie serials, these new strips were episodic and, influenced by contemporary advertising art and traditional illustration, were drawn with greater realism than the older gag strips. Soon endless Westerns, science fiction fantasies, melodramas, and action adventures set in exotic locales appeared side by side with the traditional funnies. Many of the new action adventure strips carried what in retrospect appears a naively ethnocentric American image of the world. In strips ranging from *Jungle Jim* and *The Phantom* to *Smilin' Jack,* and *Terry and the Pirates*—the strip credited with pioneering "social usefulness"—the lone American hero matched his wits and muscle against a host of jungle-dwelling African savages and sinister, scheming Orientals. In strip after strip, derogatory racial stereotypes of the world's peoples were positioned against mythical images of American physical, moral, and intellectual superiority.

In the decades following the end of the Second World War the naive worldview of the 1930s action-adventure comics, increasingly distant and archaic, came under attack. *Tarzan* would be criticized by African delegations at the United Nations for presenting an image of Africa as a continent consisting solely of jungles and uneducated natives, while at home the N.A.A.C.P. would protest the continuing racist humor of certain strips.

Racial humor had never been controversial enough to undergo the sanitization that swept the social universe of the comics after syndication in the 1920s, as can be witnessed by its enduring popularity throughout the first half of the century. In the early 20th century many leading artists had tried their hands at drawing strips featuring Black characters. After abandoning *Hogan's Alley,* Outcault created the first strip with a Black protagonist, *Little Mose,* in 1901. In the ensuing decades countless maids, manservants, pickaninnies, and loafers appeared in dozens of strips. There was Mushmouth in *Moon Mullins,* Asbestos the stableboy in *Joe and Asbestos,* and Joe Palooka's valet, Smokey.

By the mid-1940s even Blacks were disappearing from the pages of the nation's comic strips. A 1962 study of comics, sampling the years between 1943 and 1958, provides telling

Yens Yenson, Yanitor
by R.W. Taylor.

evidence of American attitudes towards ethnicity during this period. Of the 532 characters identified, there was one Afro-American and no Jews. Eighty percent were "100% Americans," and 13% of the rest came from the preferred Anglo-Saxon and Nordic racial stock. While comic strip characters were found to be predominantly middle-class, minorities and foreigners were less likely to be employed than all-Americans, and when employed, were most often in labor or service positions. They were more often protrayed in villainous roles and lower-status social positions, expressed a greater desire for power and revenge, a lower interest in material success, and a lower desire for love and affection.

Newspaper comics, like the other mass media, portrayed a homogenous world of white Americans in which the cultural myth of an equal chance for all Americans, regardless of race, color, place of origin, or social class could be played out without disturbing anomalies of contradictions. The promise of America during this middle period might well be represented by Joe Palooka, a working-class hero of indeterminate ethnicity and saint-like simplicity and goodness. Joe's romance and eventual marriage to socialite Ann Howe aptly represented the thoroughly Anglicized vision of the social mobility theoretically available to all Americans. But then the funnies were in the business of entertainment and could ill afford to offend their audiences. At the 1962 meeting of the National Cartoonists Society, Hal Foster, creator

INTUHKULTCHERUL...
..INTERSHMULTCHERUL! BOY, IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR ONE... THASSALL, JES' LIGGEN TO
REBOP REBOP MOP MOP
MAESTRO, HOWD'JA LIKE TO PLAY ON A INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST UNDER MAH MANAGEMENT, O'COURSE ??
O'COURSE WE'D BE SENT, SON! POSILUTELY SENT.!!
BUT..
BUT WHAT ???
BUT OUR STAR 88-MAN IS GONE... KIDNAPPED... AND WITHOUT LIL TEEBO HIMSELF, WE'S SQUARE AS A LEGLESS CHAIR!
O'COURSE!
O'COURSE YGOTTA HAVE YOUR PIANO MAN ... AND YOU'RE LUCKY, FOR AH AM ALSO A DETECKTUFF..... SO GIMME THE FAX, JAX, AND I'LL GET HIM BACK.!!
© Will Eisner

Ebony, from Will Eisner's *The Spirit*, is joined by other visually stereotyped blacks in this 1947 sequence.

of *Prince Valiant*, told delegates of the furious letters he had received because of his inclusion of Nubian slaves, a Jewish merchant, and Irishman into the medieval world of Prince Valiant.

In the 1960s and early 1970s the national struggle over civil rights was also played out on the comic pages of the nation's newspapers. In 1961 when *On Stage* featured a Black music coach, four papers immediately cancelled the strip. The inclusion by creator Dale Messick in 1965 of a Black girl in *Brenda Starr* caused its temporary removal from circulation, in order not to offend readers in the Southern states. In 1970 when Lieutenant Flap joined the gang at Camp Swampy, *Beetle Bailey* was dropped, for a short while, by *Stars and Stripes* (the newspaper of the U.S. Army)!

Gradually Blacks made their appearance in more and more strips. Black officers showed up in Steve Canyon's Air Force and Kerry Drake's police department. In 1968 Franklin first appeared in Charles Schulz's *Peanuts*. Blacks already in strips underwent a change in roles, as Mandrake's companion, Lothar, became more of a partner and peer. In 1965 Black artist Morrie Turner's strip *Wee Pals* became the first kid strip with Blacks as social equals to go into syndication. (This was followed by a number of other kid strips including Brumsic Brandon's *Luther* (1968) and Ted Shearer's *Quincy* (1970).) The first integrated adventure strip, *Dateline: Danger*, appeared in 1968, soon followed by *Friday Foster*, which featured a Black heroine of the same name.

In the past decade the comics have continued to undergo changes reflecting Americans' shifting attitudes and values. The recent wave of growing social conservatism coexists with the continued movement towards racial and sexual equality. A good example came in the reappearance in April of 1986 of Clyde in *Doonesbury*. A Black militant in the early 1970s, Clyde returned as an upscale Black entrepreneur selling Korean-baked, market-tested cookies which he hawked in a smooth, laid-back style learned at a Dale Carnegie seminar.

While today's comics do reflect the integration of middle-class Blacks into the suburban landscape and the changing roles of women, a quick perusal of the comic pages will, with few exceptions, reveal few distinctly ethnic characters. While images of the "older" immigrant groups surface on occasion, representatives of the newest immigrants, such as Hispanics, Vietnamese, or West Indians are practically non-existent. Even strips like *Hagar the Horrible* are basically domestic comedies in costume. Comic books have taken a far more progressive stance towards race and ethnicity.

With astonishing regularity Americans indulge in a daily ritual of reading the comics, dip into a fantastical world of talking ducks, doltish husbands, and children smart beyond their years. Though the social relations and ethnic composition of this cultural dreamscape have undergone some radical changes in the past 90 years, today American cartoon characters rarely venture abroad. They still don't talk much about politics, religion, social class, or jobs.

Nonetheless, the comics remain a remarkably sensitive barometer of American popular culture, not only in what they have shown, but also in what they leave out. The comics remain a grand compendium of collective reflections; a daily dreamscape that provides an ongoing record of Americans' evolving attitudes towards ethnicity, class, and gender.

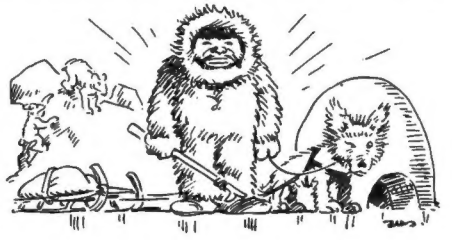
Friday Foster
YOU THINK TOM GEE AND YOUR BOSS WILL STILL FIND HER BEAUTIFUL—LOOKING LIKE A HALF-BALD MONKEY?
FRIDAY IS FRIGHTENED BUT SCORNFUL—WHEN RICK HO SHOWS HER HOW HE'S "PUNISHED" PETAL!
EVERYONE IN CHINATOWN WILL KNOW HER SHAME!
OH, MAN! THAT'S REALLY BRAVE,... HACKING OFF A GIRL'S HAIR— JUST TO PROVE YOU'RE HER LORD AND MASTER!
NO!... TO TEACH HER THAT NO SELF-RESPECTING CHINESE GIRLLETS HERSELF BE EXPLOITED BY THIS ROTTEN WHITE MAN'S SYSTEM!
YOU TALK AS IF SHE'S A COOLIE, ...HOW MANY HONES-DAYS' WORK HAVE YOU DONE SINCE YOU CAME HERE?
NONE!... YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE THERE ARE NO JOBS IN THIS "LAND OF OPPORTUNITY" FOR AMERICANS WITH SLANT-EYES.
BALONEY.... YOU THINK MY PEOPLE HAVE HAD IT EASY?
RIGHT ON, SISTER. YOU BLACKS ARE COUNTRY-CLUBBERS COMPARED TO US CHINESE!
GHETTOS?... WE'RE JAM-PACKED IN CHINATOWN WORSE THAN YOU ARE IN HARLEM!
SWEATED LABOR?... WE BROKE OUR BACKS BUILDING THE WESTERN RAILROADS!
AND NOW, IF WE'RE REAL GOOD, THEY LET US LAUNDER THEIR SHIRTS!...OR OPEN A RESTAURANT!
SO INSTEAD, YOU'LL PROVE YOU'RE A MAN...
—BY TERRORIZING WOMEN AND SHOP-OWNERS.
NO—BY SMASHING THE SETUP AND STARTING OVER.

***Friday Foster* by Jim Lawrence and Jorge Longaron.**

From Subhuman To Superhuman: Ethnic Characters In The Comics

By Pamela B. Nelson

On a Sunday morning in 1907, urban Americans, reading their Sunday comics section, chuckled at the antics of such characters as Little Ah Sid the Chinese Kid; Frenchmen Alphonse and Gaston; the Irish bumbler, Happy Hooligan; German mischief-makers The Katzenjammer Kids; and Sambo, the black, bulbous-headed star of the strip *Sambo and His Funny Noises*. The characters spoke with exaggerated accents, were slow-witted, got into trouble, and looked silly—at times even subhuman. Today, almost 80 years later, a trip to a comic book book store reveals a surprising contrast: ethnic characters as super-heroes.



Superman, Captain Marvel, and Batman, all of Anglo heritage, have been joined by Black Panther (African), White Tiger (Puerto Rican), Kitty Pryde (Jewish), Banshee (Irish), Colossus (Russian), Firebird (Mexican), and more. No longer the butt of jokes, ethnic characters in the comics today are, with some important exceptions, treated positively and with increasing sensitivity.

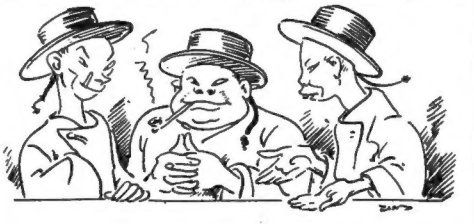
What was the attitude toward ethnic stereotyping in those early years of the comic strip, and what caused such a dramatic change later on? No simple answer exists, but it is possible to point to a variety of events and trends, both within the comics industry and in society at large, which affected the ways in which ethnic characters were portrayed, and, therefore, can be seen as major agents in the evolution of these images.

Early in the century, ethnic characters were considered to be great comic material. The "funny" characteristics of the newly-arrived European immigrants, as well as of "older" groups (Afro-Americans and Native Americans), were popular targets for the slapstick, and the sometimes cruel, humor of the times. Falling down the stairs, getting electrocuted, having an eye poked out by a goat's horn were typical gags, and, more often than not, bumbling ethnic characters, with heavy, slurred accents, were the victims. Today, these insensitive and often blatantly prejudiced images shock us, yet,

at the time, they were generally accepted and even encouraged. In a 1986 reprint of his 1940s feature, *The Spirit*, Will Eisner explained this phenomenon:

> *People write in connection with their times. They evoke humor from the perception of what's funny at the time. . . Humor in those days was extracted from the incongruities of character. Part of that incongruity was the inept English the characters were portrayed as using. I grew up with that tradition, and it was still current when I was doing* The Spirit."

In the 1940s book *Comics and their Creators*, Milton Caniff told about the creation of his strip *Terry and the Pirates*, and is indicative of attitudes towards ethnic characters at that time. The cartoonist described how the syndicate editor convinced him to include Connie, the Chinese valet, in the strip, by explaining that



a "screwy Chinese" would add exotic flavor to the new adventure strip.

Eisner and Caniff might well have learned to draw ethnic stereotypes from the cartoonist manuals of the time. One such instruction book, still in print as late as 1944, *How to Draw Funny Pictures*, provides lessons on how to draw Irish, Jewish, Chinese and other ethnic groups. For sketching Afro-Americans, the author offers these tips:

> *The colored people are good subjects for action pictures; they are natural-born humorists and will often assume ridiculous attitudes or say side-splitting things*

The Cartoonist Zim (Eugene Zimmerman) wrote several cartoon manuals during his career spanning the 1880s to the 1920s. These drawings are from *How to Draw Funny Pictures*, which was in print as late as 1944. He instructed students on the niceties of depicting ethnic groups. More Zim cartoons can be seen on page 23 of this issue.

with no apparent intention of being funny. The cartoonist usually plays on the colored man's love of loud clothes, watermelon, chicken, crap-shooting, fear of ghosts, etc."

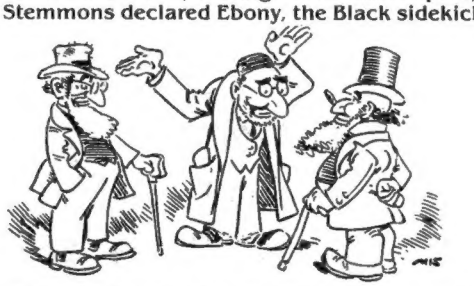
Though the cartoonists and editors who ultilized condescending and demeaning ethnic stereotypes were often of Anglo heritage, it is important to note that ethnic cartoonists drew these stereotypes as well—and of their own ethnic group! Rudolph Dirks and Harold Knerr,

both of German descent, drew the *Katzenjammer Kids.* Harry Hershfield, a Jew, drew *Abie the Agent,* about a Jewish immigrant salesman, and George McManus created *Bringing Up Father,* about an Irish-American family trying to climb the social ladder.

Crude stereotyping of ethnic characters became less prevalent as the first half of the century progressed. Syndication, which transformed the comics industry in the 1920s, resulted in the use of fewer ethnic images. Also, the assimilation of certain immigrant groups into American society altered the way that these ethnic groups were portrayed in the comics. By the 1930s and '40s, "girl" and "kid" strips featured ethnic characters recognizable as ethnic only by their names: *Tillie the Toiler, Scarlet O'Neil, Little Annie Rooney, Rusty Riley* and *Mitzi McCoy.* No accent or ethnic traits remained. They appeared in a city office, a western ranch, and Hometown, U.S.A.

Assimilation in the comics, though, happened only to the easily assimilable—those of European stock. Characters of African, Asian, East Indian, and Native American heritage con-

tinued to be depicted in servile or stock, stereotyped roles as late as the 1960s. By the '40s, however, certain members of these groups began to express their outrage. In 1942 James Samuel Stemmons protested the depiction of Afro-Americans in the comics. In his essaay "Below the Belt" (Reading Press, Philadelphia), Stemmons declared Ebony, the Black sidekick

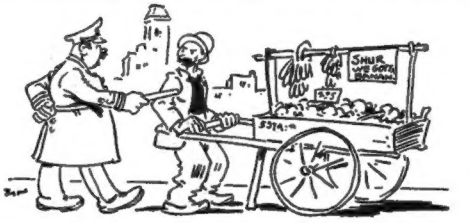


from Will Eisner's *The Spirit,* to be ". . . an unprecedented insult to negroes. . . :

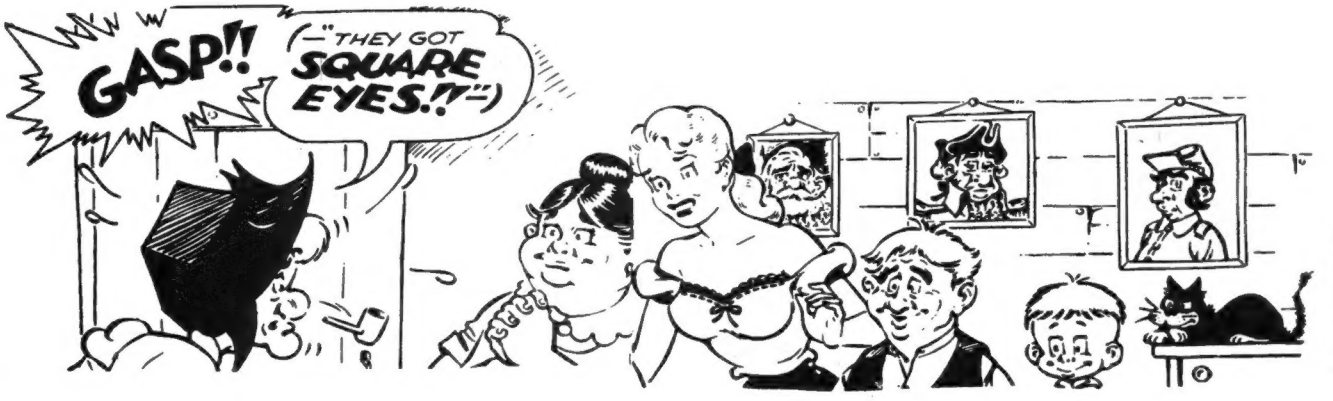
I have long watched with heart of lead, the widespread efforts which are being made to make Negroes the objects of scorn and contempt by picturing them as being stupid and slothful by nature, and sheer monstrosities in looks, but I have never seen a more offensive libel on Negroes that that of your Mr. Doe (i.e., Will Eisner)"

The N.A.A.C.P. mounted its own protest against this and other demeaning comic images in the late '40s—a protest which gathered momentum during the civil rights era.

While civil rights activists agitated for more positive images of Afro-Americans in the comics, the actions of another pressure group, inspired by Dr. Fredric Wertham, almost wiped out ethnic images altogether. In *Seduction of the Innocent* (Rhinehart & Co., 1954), Wertham wrote about the harmful effects of comic books on the minds of children. Under the pressure of his campaign, the comic book industry instituted the Comic Code in 1954, which forbade, among other things, graphic violence, crime, sex and "ridicule or attack on any reli-



gious or racial group. . ." Though the provision on religion was designed to end prejudiced stereotyping in the comics, it instead intimidated many cartoonists into avoiding ethnic images altogether. The result was a dramatic decrease in the number of ethnic characters created during the '50s. Mostly the old, stock, stereotyped images remained: Italian organ grinders, Irish cops, East Indian



***Li'l Abner* by Al Capp.**

© Capp Enterprises

fortune tellers—all in cute funny-animal and kid comics.

Another powerful force in the evolution of ethnic images in the comics was the cartoonists themselves. Both before and after the era of the institution of the Comics Code, strong-minded cartoonists had used the powerful tool of their medium to express their views on many issues, including that of prejudice and stereotyping. In an interview shortly before his death, Al Capp, creator of *Li'l Abner*, declared: "Comic art not only should say something about the status quo; it must." Al Capp's story about the square-eyed family who move into Dogpatch was a case study on the dynamics of prejudice. All the townspeople hated the family at first sight simply because they were different. Yet Mammy Yokum, who discovered the square-eyed baby caught in a wolf trap, crying "like any other chile," found that "Th' li'l diff'runces between folks shouldn't hide th' big things thass th'same 'bout all of us!!"

In the early 1950s, EC Comics was a significant agent of change within the industry. In addition to horror and crime comics, EC's cartoonists produced comics with hard-hitting messages about prejudice and racism. One issue of *Weird Fantasy* told the story of a heroic spaceman who, at the end of the story, removed his space helmet to reveal, unexpectedly, that he was Black.

Many comic books of the 1970s and '80s have addressed the issue of prejudice head on in their story lines. *The X-Men*, a Marvel comics title, has approached the issue by creating a new minority group. The human mutant heroes have faced hatred and derision regularly from "normal" humans. "It's a Mutie!" the crowd jeers.

Contemporary cartoonists' attitudes toward ethnic images are being conveyed to future cartoonists through today's cartooning instruction books. Unlike the cartooning books of the '40s, the new books contain such messages as this: "When you caricature a person, use your eyes and mind and heart, not your preconceptions and someone else's prejudices." (Richardson, J.A., *Complete Book of Cartooning*, Prentice Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1977).

Proof that the change runs deep lies in the fact that comic book readers now protest offensive ethnic images. Since the late 1960s the letters pages of comic books have periodically contained such complaints. Fans pointed out, for example, that the only Germans portrayed in the 1960s comic book *Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandos* were enemy Nazis. The response of the cartoonists was to introduce an anti-Nazi German as a new member of the commandos.

When the role of Green Lantern (originally a white super-hero) was taken over by a Black character, a Black fan wrote, "Your decision to replace Green Lantern with a Black man was a comlete reverse-prejudice motive, which isn't fair to both longtime and future readers. I appreciate what you're trying to do, but we want a hero who has his own origin, not one that has already been established for years by another man."

Ethnic images found in the comics today are

AND INSIDE THE SHIP, THE MAN REMOVED HIS SPACE HELMET AND SHOOK HIS HEAD, AND THE INSTRUMENT LIGHTS MADE THE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION ON HIS DARK SKIN TWINKLE LIKE DISTANT STARS...
THE END
7
© William M. Gaines

Al Feldstein and Joe Orlando, *Weird Fantasy* #18, 1953.

a strange mix. They reflect a patchwork of forces: syndication of the strips, assimilation of ethnic groups into society, the civil rights movement, the Comics Code, activist cartoonists, and the demands of readers. In the 1970s, cartoonists like Garry Trudeau (*Doonesbury*) dealt with the issue of racism, directly expressing their own ideals which, of course, were influenced by the civil rights movement. At the same time, other strips, like the 1970s version of *Joe Palooka*, reflected the impact of assimilation and the Comics Code era. Having lost all his stereotyped ethnic traits (accent, dumbness, pugnaciousness), Joe has been transformed into a family man, surrounded by his white-skinned, blond-haired wife and children, all living in sanitized, "happy" suburbia.

Periodically, ethnic images pop up which are hold-overs from earlier times. In a recent *Ziggy* panel, the stock image of the Italian organ grinder was used. Negative stereotypes, as blatantly racist as those at the turn of the century can still be found as well, though such stereotyping today more often targets foreigners who are associated with American foreign policy disputes than immigrant ethnic groups. Such is the case with Arab stereotypes of the 1970s and '80s which have appeared in *Brenda Starr*, *Annie*, and other strips.

Despite the mixed results, there is an encouraging trend toward increasingly sensitive portrayal of ethnic characters in the comics. There is even evidence that cartoonists are going beyond the flatly positive images so prevalent in the depiction of today's ethnic heroes and super-heroes. A few ethnic characters are now full participants in their comic world, not just tokens. The reader has the sense that the Black boy in Berke Breathed's *Bloom County* is not just in the strip because he is Black. His role is as the "brains" of the group, and it just so happens that he is Black.

Abie The Agent, Gimpl The Matchmaker, Berl Schliemazel, Et Al.

By John J. Appel

Who except historians of our commercial popular culture remembers *Abie the Agent*? The cigar-smoking, saucer-eyed, roly-poly comic strip figure with small bulb nose and little mustache, spouting an English accented by Yiddish spelling, expressions and inflections was created by Harry Hershfield, whose career as cartoonist, radio comedian, writer and raconteur spanned many media. Hershfield drew the strip as a daily black-and-white strip and a Sunday color feature from its inception in 1914 to its demise, with various interruptions, in 1940. Artistically, it was undistinguished compared to the elegant draftsmanship of *Bringing Up Father*, for instance. Yet it deserves an important place among ethnic features in the comics' Hall of Fame as the first syndicated Jewish comic character strip. The strip appealed primarily to urban adults, Gentile and Jewish, who empathized with Abe Kabibble's joys and sorrows as salesman, agent, and store-owner, and who shared his ardor and anxiety for getting and avoiding hurt to reputation and status in a dog-eat-dog commercial world.

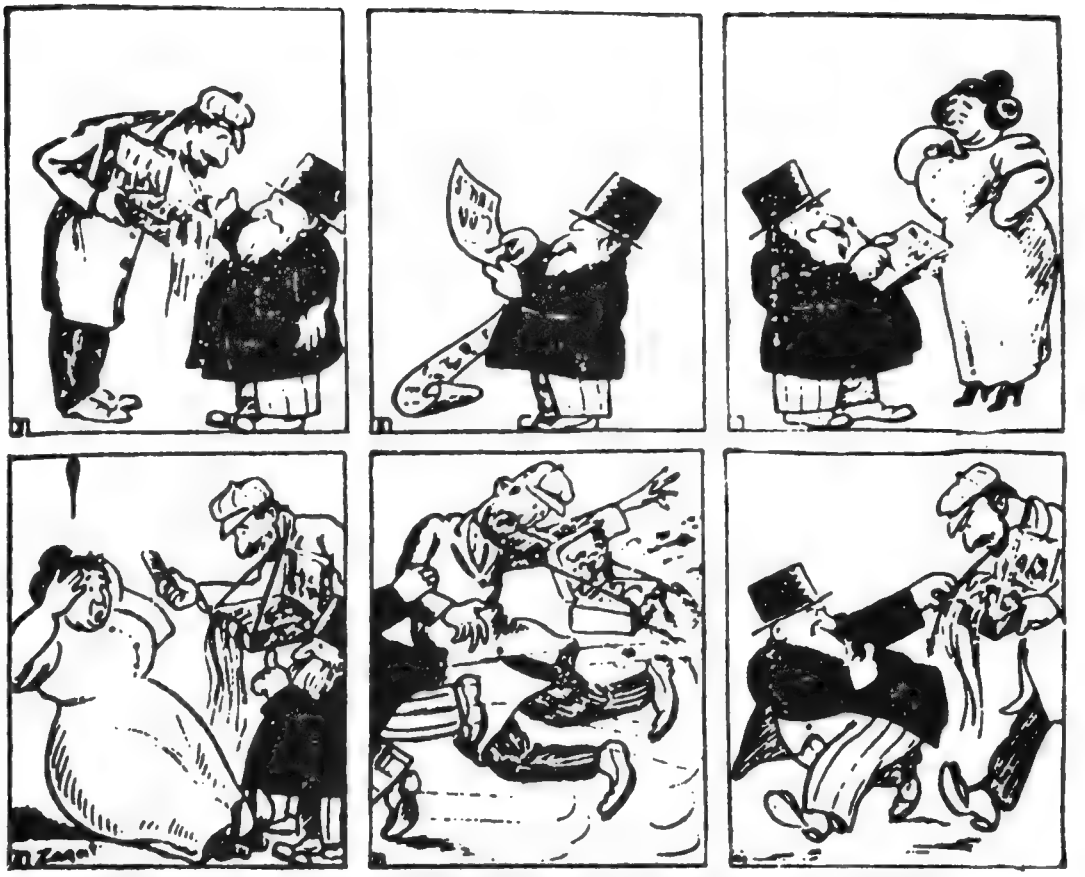
Today, we also discern that besides building circulation for metropolitan newspapers by entertaining many first and second generation immigrant readers, Abie served as a counter-image to the then prevalent, ridiculous and demeaning Jewish stereotypes in American popular culture: in humor and satire weeklies, newspapers, on the vaudeville stage and in the movies. In spite of his Yiddish-inflected speech, he apparently did not ruffle the sensitivities of the Americanized German Jewish leaders and communal spokesmen who, in 1913, a year before Abie's debut, organized the Anti-Defamation League of the Fraternal Order of B'nai B'rith (at first known as Publicity or Anti-Caricatural Committees) to monitor and reduce the flourishing mass-culture anti-Semitism they saw spreading after 1900, as cultural and religious hostility to Jews was heightened by economic rivalry and political tensions.

Hershfield, then working for the Hearst papers, had already slipped some Yiddish expressions into the zany language of one of his cartoon characters, a cannibal chief in his *Desperate Desmond* strip. With Abie, Hershfield was to share the Anti-Defamation League's concern with derogatory stereotypes. In 1916, he told members of a Chicago women's club that he had decided to make Abe Kabibble "a clean-cut, well-dressed specimen of Jewish humor" because previous depictions of Jews "on the stage and in burlesque" had presented a "type of Jewish humor not all complimentary to the Jewish people and not all justified." Other Jewish cartoonists apparently shared Hershfield's perception in this matter. According to *Cartoons Magazine*, read by professional illustrators, Bert Levy, creator of the *Samuel and Sylenz* series, had that same year "voluntarily surrendered an annual salary of $12,000 and paid $2,000 to be released from his contract, rather than continue a series which he found offensive to his fellow Jews."

Unlike the big-nosed, calculating, money-mad Hockheimers, Diamondsheens and Burnupskis of the turn-of-the-century cartoons and comics, Abie had a reasonably full range of human emotions—reasonably full, that is, for a comic strip character distributed by syndicates imposing limitations on the freedom of expression of cartoonists who, for the most part, were already trying to avoid themes

YOU'VE POSITIVELY GOT A WHOPPING LIBRARY, MR. FLEISLER - I'M A VERY BIG LIKER OF BOOKS!
THANKS, MISTER KABIBBLE - I LIKE TO MEET MEN WHO CARE FOR GOOD BOOKS!
I WILL, MISTER KABIBBLE - I WILL!
SOME NIGHT NEXT WEEK, I WANT YOU TO COME TO MY HOUSE, MR. FLEISLER - YOU MUST COME OVER!
BEFORE HE COMES TO MINE HOUSE, I GOT TO FIX IT UP, TOO - I'LL GO AND BUY BOOKS BY THE BEST WRITERS! I GOT TO LOOK LIKE A SOMEBODY, TOO!!
KABIBBLE KABARET
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE YOUR NAME IN EVERY ONE OF THESE, ABE - IT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE THEY BELONG TO YOU, THEN!
YES - I WAS JUST GOING TO DO IT!!
Abe Kabibble 1908
PICKWICK PAPERS
Abe Kabibble 1912
Abe Kabibble 1893
WHY, YOU ONLY BOUGHT THESE BOOKS YESTERDAY - WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PUTTING ALL THOSE OLD BOOKS ??
WHY SHOULD I HAVE PEOPLE THINK I'M ONLY JUST BEGINNING TO READ THEM!!
DEAR MR. KABIBBLE - A MAN MAKING ONLY $25 PER WEEK HAS PROPOSED TO ME - WHAT SHALL I DO?
MARRY HIM, JUST TO SHOW HIM WHAT A SMALL AMOUNT IT REALLY IS!

Abie the Agent by Harry Hershfield, 1922.



Gimpl Beinish **by Samuel Zagat, 1912. In this strip, which of course is to be read backwards, the matchmaker's notion of introducing a peddler to a lady results in disaster.**

thought to displease or offend their audiences.

Abie loved his family and his country, and though sharp in business was capable of generosity. He could be gay, depressed, or angry, and when drafted he underwent the typical tribulations of army boot camp. On Saturday nights, he played a wicked game of pinochle or moonlighted as an extra salesman in a clothing store. He alternately admired and was just as often baffled by his fiancee, Reba, and her father.

The strip kidded rather than satirized aspects of American Jewish middle class life: Abie's all-Jewish circle of friends, Cohen, Mandelbaum, Jake and Meyer; his eagerness to purchase at discount; his tortuous attempts to make a better living and be a responsible family man. Above all, his accent, syntax and vocabulary placed him squarely into an American-Jewish first generation immigrant, bourgeois, urban, and commercial milieu. "Oi, Gewalt—I'm trepped!" he exclaims in a typical 1918 episode. "It shivers me all over when I think from the lecture mine Reba is going to hendle me," he observes in another. The dialect fades out and almost disappears entirely in the 1930s.

Other syndicated Jewish characters besides Abie occasionally appeared in the "funnies" of the 1920s and early 1930s; none, however, achieved Abe Kabibble's longevity or fame. Among his syndicated co-religionists were a Mr. Guggenheim in *The Nebbs*—a Yiddish expression for a non-entity—and those garment-center philosophers, *Potash and Perlmutter,* who, having attained national prominence in the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post,* migrated to the stage, the movies, and, as owners of a detective agency, to a daily strip feature in the Hearst papers of the 1920s. *Metropolitan Movies,* Denys Wortman's single panels of urban types, included the trials of a clothing store owner ("In and Out of the Red With Sam") beset by bill collectors and discount-hungry friends. In *Gross Exaggera-*

Berl Schliemazel Enters Business, **1915. Again reading backwards, this strip depicts its hero with a sandwich board advertising a kosher restaurant; he approaches an Irish couple (the man resembles a tall, dignified Jiggs) with disastrous results.**

From *The Big Stick*, June 30, 1916, an advertisement for A. Eisen's Made-To-Order trousers, featuring Charlie Chaplin (who was the star of at least two comic strips in the U.S.), Gimpl the Matchmaker, and Abie the Agent.

tions, a *New York World* feature, Milt Gross introduced the Feitelbaum family and their friends discoursing in Anglo-Yiddish (Yinglish) dialect.

And then there were the Jewish comic strip types in the Yiddish language press. One of the most successful of these was Gimpl Beinish, the Schdchen (Matchmaker) who entertained readers of *Die Wahrheit* (*Truth*), edited from 1912 to 1919 by Louis G. Miller. Gimpl was drawn by Samuel Zagat, an illustrator and cartoonist who contributed to other Yiddish publications and the *New Masses* under the pseudonym G. Holan. For 42 years, after leaving *Die Wahrheit* in 1919, Zagat was in charge of art work for the *Jewish Daily Forward*, perhaps the most widely read Yiddish newspaper in New York City.

Runt-sized Gimpl was a bearded, top-hatted, beady-eyed, frock-coated busybody in striped pants. His frantic desire to make a living from uniting the most unpromising single men with unattached females took him to any place where Jews could be mated, however unlikely: from the streets of New York's lower East Side ot the Catskills, from parks and beaches to suffragette marches. Though editor Miller supplied the ideas and the text for the strip, Zagat's drawings have a feel for Jewish settings and characters missing from the work of Hershfield and other creators of Jewish comic strip characters in the Anglo-American press.

Abie the Agent, his chroniclers agree, appealed to middle-class Jewish and Gentile readers who appreciated and shared his antics as breadwinner, citizen and husband. Hershfield's Jewish characters were the acculturated Jews of the melting pot, living up to the then widely accepted German-Jewish ideal of acting like "Americans" in public, and confining expressions of Jewishness to the home. This stance precluded Jews' active, visible involvement in largely Jewish issues that would call attention to their ethnic or religious identity in a society (at least potentially) prone to anti-Semitic reactions.

Of course, there are other reasons why Abie's environment reflected only a faint Jewish coloration; even a simple Yiddish or German-Jewish expression or pun, a reference to Matzo (unleavened bread) or other ritual matters taken for granted by a Jewish reader, would have required the kind of explanations a strip meant for general newspaper circulation simply could not take the time to make.

The comic strip characters created for the Yiddish press inhabited a more unself-consciously Jewish milieu than the syndicated Jewish types in the Anglo-American press, less circumscribed by the cartoonists' or the syndicates' taboos concerning immigrant speech and characteristics. The strip characters created for Yiddish-speaking, primarily working-class immigrants, therefore seem more robustly ethnic, more Jewish even when they do not transcend the broad slapstick face that was the mainstay of the comics. Among the more interesting characters in cartoons and drawings created by artists for the Yiddish press serving first generation East European Jewish immigrants are Berl Schliemazel (from German: schlimm = bad; and Hebrew: mazel = luck, i.e., a born loser), whose greenhorn adventures in the United States appeared in *Der Tag* in 1914-1915. Or Berl Bedroom, the Boarder; Moshe, the Real Estatenik; Mrs. Piskl, from Uptown; and Mrs. Yederman. All of the latter are characters experimented with by Miller and Zagat before Gimpl caught on in the *Wahrheit*.

Surveys of comic strip figures in the Yiddish press yield partly realistic, partly fantasized versions of the humor, hopes, fears, and aspirations of East European Jewish immigrants in metropolitan ethnic districts. This once familiar milieu is already receding into a sometimes sentimentalized, over-simplified historical distance. Such studies hardly change the accepted contours of ethnic social history, but the comic strip characters' encounters with other national, racial or religious groups, with Irish and Black Americans, with women and various fellow Jews, may produce unexpected, instructive and certainly entertaining results and conclusions.

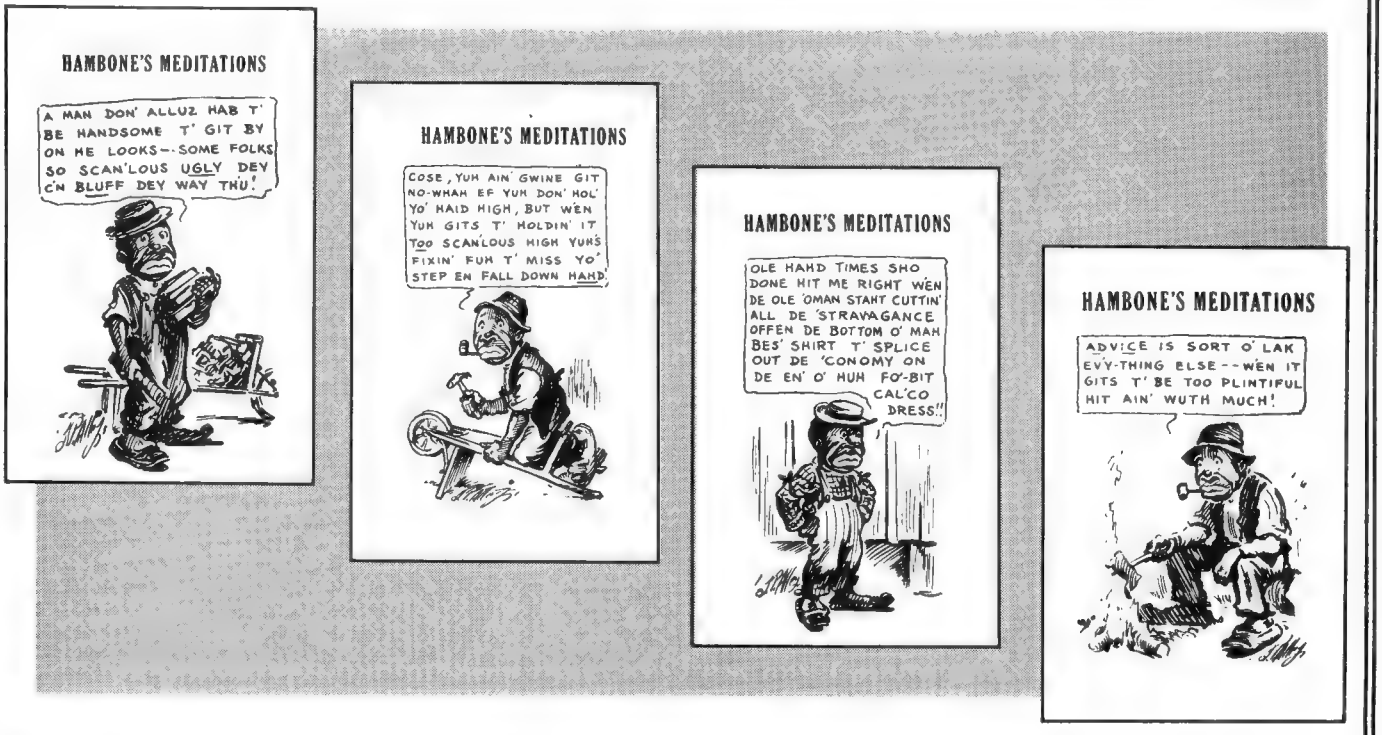
Corncob and Cornpone

A Black Abe Martin

J.P. Alley was cartoonist on the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* between 1914 and 1934. His main duty was drawing the political cartoon—at which job he was eventually succeeded by his son Cal, who also created *The Ryatts* comic strip in 1954—but J.P. was well-known for a humorous panel as well.

Hambone's Meditations was a one-column feature offering the philosophy of a rural Black version of Kin Hubbard's famous *Abe Martin*. Reprinted herewith is the introduction to a book collection (ca. 1920) of Hambone's meditations, perhaps more instructive than the cartoons themselves of another time. Alley's feature was syndicated across America by McClure.

—REM


HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS
A MAN DON' ALLUZ HAB T' BE HANDSOME T' GIT BY ON HE LOOKS--SOME FOLKS SO SCAN'LOUS UGLY DEY C'N BLUFF DEY WAY THU!
HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS
COSE, YUH AIN' GWINE GIT NO-WHAH EF YUH DON' HOL' YO' HAID HIGH, BUT WEN YUH GITS T' HOLDIN' IT TOO SCAN'LOUS HIGH YUH'S FIXIN' FUH T' MISS YO' STEP EN FALL DOWN HAHD.
HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS
OLE HAHD TIMES SHO DONE HIT ME RIGHT WEN DE OLE 'OMAN STAHT CUTTIN' ALL DE 'STRAVAGANCE OFFEN DE BOTTOM O' MAH BES' SHIRT T' SPLICE OUT DE 'CONOMY ON DE EN' O' HUH FO'-BIT CAL'CO DRESS!!
HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS
ADVICE IS SORT O' LAK EVY-THING ELSE--WEN IT GITS T' BE TOO PLINTIFUL HIT AIN' WUTH MUCH!

The negro of the North is at best an immigrant out of his setting. He lives in cities and takes on the modern ways of the city. The negro of the North does not get into literature.

But the negro of the South lives close to the soil and retains his racial originality—his superstitions, his quaint idiosyncrasies of thought and action. Such a negro is "Hambone," chosen by Mr. J.P. Alley as the original of his delightful cartoons. He is a clear-cut type of the old time darky, unspoiled by the equality ideas of the younger generation about him. He shamelessly cheats the Kun'l in slighting his work and in the many small ways possible to one in his position, but it is all a part and parcel with the devotion he has for his employer. It is his inalienable right to impose on his white folks if he can—but "no other nigguh better try it." His duties run a triangle at the three points of which are stationed his white folks, his ole 'oman and the parson. Outside of these he has no responsibility, and assumes none.

His face and attitudes are accurately African, and the small tasks to which he sets himself are just the things an old family negro would be expected to do. It is amazing the different small occupations in which he is pictured. Surely Mr. Alley must have known a real "Hambone" in his boyhood, that he so deftly changes his occupation day by day. But whether he is sawing wood, killing a turkey, or taking home the washing he is always Hambone, the dusky, easy-going philosopher of homely things. If the parson gets his share of pie his face is a map of sorrow; and if he out-wits the Kun'l or dodges his ole 'oman's flat iron the smile that spreads over his face illumines the whole page of the paper that depicts him. Truly it may be said of him: "There is no malice in his heart."

And the "ruffles on his shirt," of the old poem, are also missing. A shambling out-at-elbows figure, he catches and holds the attention because, in spite of the cartoon touches, he is so genuinely what he is intended to be—an old-fashioned negro of the old-fashioned South.

One sentence, or two at the most, is all that Hambone utters at a time, going about his various tasks. But the thought is always worth while, instinct as it is with unstudied humor inhenrent in the negro race. He is no clown; there is no touch of horseplay in his quaint sayings that come straight from his heart through his daily experiences. He is a philosopher in the fullest sense, with all the unquestioning acceptance of what fate brings that has come to him through years of observation and experience. He belongs in that class of "old school colored gentlemen" in which "Uncle Remus" has long held sway. Mr. Alley has not created a new character; he has taken an old character and reproduced it with the delicate tracery of a photograph. Hambone is become a familiar figure in thousands of households throughout the entire country as he comes and goes on his various missions with never a stab in his wit and never a note of pessimism in his quiet philosophy.

Mr. Alley has given the world a companion piece to the long-loved "Uncle Remus"; not a story teller, but a dispenser of homely, helpful contentment.

—Sara Beaumont Kennedy

From "Under Cork" To Overcoming: Black Images In The Comics

By Steven L. Jones

The introduction of comic strips in the American press in the 1890s corresponded with the beginning of a renewed era of racial segregation in the United States. While Southern laws were used to oppress American citizens of African descent, the mainstream white press served up accounts of Blacks in newspaper articles which supported such sanctions. In the comics section, Blacks were the principal comic figures, having surpassed the Irish at the turn of the century as the butt of America's jokes. Taking images from black-face minstrelsy, which was America's first national popular entertainment form and a mainstay of the American stage until the 1940, many of the images of "Blacks" in the first half-century of the comics were not of Blacks at all. Instead they were caricatures derived from the popular stage routines of white males' gross parodies of "Black life" (originally the slave life of Blacks). Just as minstrels worked "under cork," the colloquial terminology for their use of burnt cork to blacken their faces for a performance, figuratively these were comics "under cork."

Whether male or female, the Black adult facial image was usually the same, at its most extreme a basic billiard "8-ball" with large eyes, and a line for a mouth with a lighter large area surrounding that line to suggest oversize lips. The headgear often distinguished the person's specific role: a cart pusher in an *Abie the Agent* strip (1914) wears a cap: a maid in a 1928 *Bringing Up Father* strip has a straw hat; and the "Slumberland Savages" in a 1907 strip of *Little Nemo* show small hair puffs.

Lesser extremes of the stereotype looked more like the minstrel actor, such as Joe Palooka's valet Smokey or the stable boy Asbestos in *Joe and Asbestos*. A rare few Blacks would have a white face with color on it. Rarer still was the authentic Black image, such as the beautifully rendered mother of E.W. Kemble's *Mammy's Li'l Lamb* (1911) whose head tie and outfit would make her stylish in several West African cities.

"Black" dialect was the usual speech of these characters (if they spoke at all). Through her use of this ridicule of Black language patterns, the African madonna of *Mammy's Li'l Lamb* was transformed into a derogatory stereotype. Afro-Americans were uniformly depicted as fools, or they were represented in roles that were servile—e.g., domestics or porters. (Black children were shown as giggling pickaninnies.) It was not until after World War II that this general pattern began to change.

Just as "All Coons Look Alike to Me" had been a national music favorite, that was the defining phrase for how cartoonists working for the white press (including its few Black artists) all too often drew the Black image from the 1890s to the 1950s. Though Black artist E. Simms Campbell did hard-hitting pro-Black editorial cartoons for the Black press, in his mainstream King Features Sunday feature of 1937, *Hoiman*, it was necessary for him to depict a Black porter right into the minstrel mode. The image of the stereotypical Black servant or fool permitted middle-class white audiences to vicariously indulge in attitudes and behaviors otherwise off limits to them in "genteel" society. At the same time the pathetic Black character offered the white working class an image to whom they could feel superior, no matter how bad their lot in life might be.

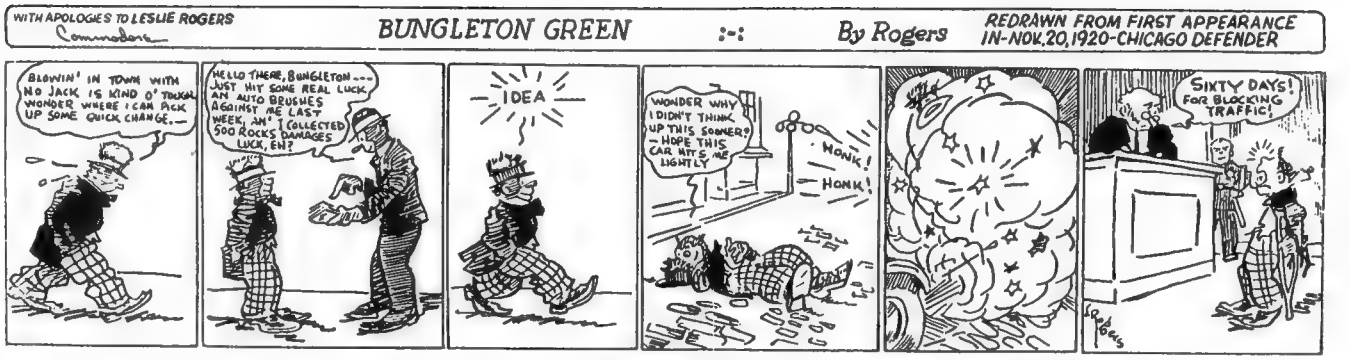
Predictably, Black community activists were outraged with the typical portrayal of Blacks as ebony humanoid clones. Walter White and W.E.B. DuBois of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and Marcus Garvey and his Universal Negro Improvement Association, fought not only against the indiscriminate lynching of Blacks, but also against the comics' defamation of Black people. Sometimes the fight took the form of court challenges. An occasional victory helped maintain hope, as in the late 1920s when a major Chicago newspaper was forced to lighten up its solid black ink representation of Black skin tone, or in the early 1930s when the *Amos 'n' Andy* strip was removed from the marketplace.

Newspapers published by the Afro-American press also entered into the fight against the negative depiction of Blacks. By the mid-1930s they were leading the struggle against any continuance of minstrelized representations. Papers like the *Chicago Defender*, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, and the *Baltimore Afro-American* editorialized against the minstrel image and finally helped to end its presence in the Black community by 1940.

Many professionally trained Black painters drew comics to earn a living. The Black press offered alternative images to the demeaning and monotonous stereotypes presented in the white press. The comic strips in the Black press

EVOLUTION—Bungleton Green through the years, pictured by Chester Commodore.

BUNGLETON GREEN changes from 1920-1968
by HENRY-BROWN in 1929
1954
Jay Jackson in the '40's
As he appeared in Nov. of 1920 by C. Rogers
As BUN appeared in 1968
DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR EXHIBIT
Commodore '86


WITH APOLOGIES TO LESLIE ROGERS
Commodore
BUNGLETON GREEN :-: By Rogers
REDRAWN FROM FIRST APPEARANCE IN-NOV.20,1920-CHICAGO DEFENDER
BLOWIN' IN TOWN WITH NO JACK IS KIND O' TOUGH! I WONDER WHERE I CAN PICK UP SOME QUICK CHANGE.—
HELLO THERE, BUNGLETON— JUST HIT SOME REAL LUCK AN' AUTO BRUSHES AGAINST ME LAST WEEK, AN' I COLLECTED 500 ROCKS DAMAGES LUCK, EH?
IDEA
WONDER WHY I DIDN'T THINK UP THIS SOONER? —HOPE THIS CAR HITS ME LIGHTLY
HONK!
HONK!
SIXTY DAYS! FOR BLOCKING TRAFFIC!

ORIGIN—Chester Commodore's re-creation of the first *Bungleton Green* strip, Nov. 20, 1920, by Leslie Rogers.

depicted a wide diversity of life experiences, often in humorous ways. Yet the realities of what it meant to be Black in America were many times just below the surface of the humor. An example is *Bungleton Green*, the longest-running comic strip in the Black press, which provides a unique opportunity to chart the evolution of the Black comic self-image. Drawn by five different artists, *Bun* first appeared in the *Chicago Defender* November 20, 1920, and ran almost continuously until 1968. Leslie Rogers' *Bun* of 1920 was a vaguely minstrelized street person whose caricatured antics underlined the reality of separate and unequal treatment of Afro-Americans. In the very first strip *Bun* tried to hustle some insurance money from a traffic accident, only to find out that the law courts saw him as a nuisance rather than as a victim. By the 1940s Jay Jackson's *Bun* had become a zoot-suited, "hep cat" who reflected the optimism of the "jazz man." In 1968, Chester Commodore drew *Bun* sporting a dashiki (or nehru jacket) to reflect the outward militancy of "the brother on the block."

Cartoonists for the Black press often drew editorial cartoons as well as comic strips. Sometimes this seriousness spilled over into a strip, as when the *Baltimore Afro-American*'s Fred Watson lambasted Maryland's Jim Crow laws (1926) and, by showing light-skinned Black women drawn similarly to the white women in the strip, reinforced the contention that Blacks, being the same as whites, deserved equal consideration under the law.

But humor was the basis of most Black press strips, whether in Wilbert Holloway's *Sunnyboy Sam* (1936) commenting self-deprecatingly on his big nose, or the "innocent truth" of Sammy Milai's curly-haired little boy *Bucky* (1939) who put a little Black girl's white doll under a sun lamp to make the play-mother and her doll baby the same color. While Bucky was cute, Elton Fax's *Susabelle* (1942) was more average, in both her looks and actions. With no dialogue, the stories reflected the mischievous nature of childhood within the context of a world at war.

If the Black child seen on the street was the visual source for Fax's Susabelle, then Michelangelo and Tintoretto were the artistic models for the way Ollie Harrington, generally considered Black America's greatest living cartoonist, handled his figures. In the mid-1930s Harrington rose to national prominence in the Black community with his introduction of the stereotype-smashing *Bootsy* cartoon in the *Amsterdam News*.

Bootsy was followed in the early to mid-1940s by the adventure strip *Jive Gray* for the Continental Features Syndicate. This syndicate, organized and run by the Black entrepreneur Lajoyeaux H. Stanton, was one of the few national distributors of Black comics. It successfully sold strips and cartoons to Black newspapers all across the country, and featured the work of Fax, Mel Tapley, Ted Shearer, and several others, as well as Harrington. *Jive Gray* was based on a real-life World War II ace aviator from the all-Black 332nd Fighter group. In it Harrington showed his love of the Black persona by filling his strip with creatively colorful Black slang ("jive talk") and attractive, elongated figures.

The Black cartoonist who took stereotype-squashing and social concern to its greatest height in the strips before the mid-1960s was Jackie Ormes, through her *Torchy Brown* char-

BLACK AND WHITE—Fred B. Watson's strip commentary in *The Afro-American* of July 17, 1926.

Maryland's Jim Crow Law A Relic Of Barbarism

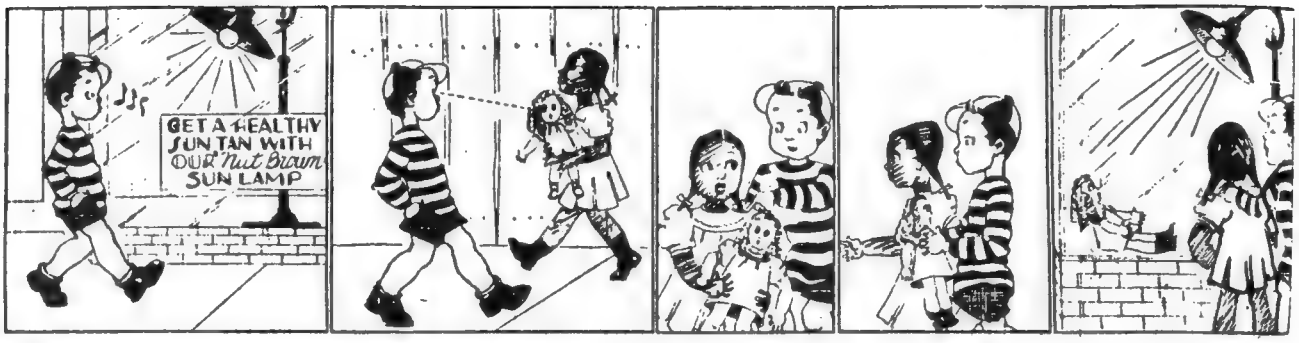
Picture 1. Miss Pearl Wells and Miss Katharine Thomas, 1610 W. Lexington street, travel from Annapolis to Baltimore on the W. B. and A. and take a vacant seat the third from the rear.

Picture 2. Further down the road two young white girls enter the car and find no seats where they can sit together. None of the white male passengers offer them a seat.

Picture 3. They consult the conductor who tells the colored girls to give up their seats to the whites ones and double up with some of the male passengers in the rear.

Picture 4. When they refuse, he says they are violating the jim crow car law, has them arrested in Baltimore and driven to the Southeastern police station in a patrol wagon.

Picture 5. Magistrate Lough at the Southeastern police station couldn't find any violation of law in the girls' actions and dismissed the case. But then they had been arrested.



COLOR COMICS—*Bucky* ran in the *Pittsburgh Courier* in the 1930s.

LADY- UNLESS ONE OF US HAS MADE A MISTAKE, WE SHOULD KNOW ONE ANOTHER
WELL ANYWAY--BEAUTIFUL, MY NAME IS TEENY TAYLOR--STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE CRIER" AN' I THINK YOU ARE A VERY LOVELY LADY
SAY, I COULD GO FOR YOU IN A BIG WAY, HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN' ME STEPPIN' OUT SOME NIGHT? SAY--I GOT SOME SWELL PLANS FOR YOU AND ME ALREADY

JIVE—Bobby Thomas drew *Society Sue* for the *Pittsburgh Courier* in the 1930s; this is a fragment of a daily.

acter published in the *Pittsburgh Courier* and its syndicated group of newspapers in 1937 and again from 1950 to 1955. Torchy was an attractive, sexy, intelligent, and self-motivated young Black woman who, within the course of her romantic adventures (the binding theme of the strip), managed to fight racism, sexism, warmongering, and environmental pollution. Drawn in a strong, clean hard-edge style, *Torchy Brown* was a sharp visual contrast to the more delicately drawn strips usually associated with female artists like Nell Brinkley and Dale Messick. As with many protagonists in the strips done by Black artists, Torchy was essentially a self-portrait. Ormes once said "I've never liked dreamy little women who can't hold their own." Torchy's adventures took her from the American South to South America, and her mix of compassion and assertiveness made her a role model for young Black people across the country.

While the Black characters in the strips of the white press in the 1950s were basically a continuation of the past—the less than noble "savage" of *The Phantom* or the always faithful servant or sidekick—the comics of the Black press reflected the social conservatism and baby boom of the decade by focusing on Black family life and child rearing. Chester Commodore's *The Sparks*, published in the *Chicago Defender*, gently caricatured the Black middle class and showed them subject to the same domestic foibles as their white counterparts. The Harlem-based *New York Age* printed Tom Feelings' elaborately drawn "Tommy Traveler in the World of Negro History" in 1958-59, as the protests, boycotts and student sit-ins of that period helped to rekindle a renewed feeling of Black pride. Feelings' daring presentation of "natural" hairstyles was an early reflection of the increased sense of self-worth connected with Black community activism.

As integration became a driving force in the 1960s and newspaper headlines began to be dominated by the Civil Rights struggle, those activities were looked at in humorously ironic ways by cartoonists of the Black press, while still demonstrating an underlying support for social change. An example is Cleven Goudeau's irreverent and sassy comic strip, *Soul Folks*, which appeared in the *Berkeley (California) Post* in 1966. Whereas *Soul Folks* was a freewheeling portrayal of a constantly changing array of adult characters, Morrie Turner drew a strip

PATRIOTS—Ollie Harrington portrayed Black combatants in *Jive Gray* in World War II.

HELLO TUSKEEGEE... DID YOU GET MY MESSAGE OK? THOSE BOMBERS ARE WELL ON THEIR WAY!
YEP WE GOT IT JIVE... THE HAID MAN IS GITTIN' THEM OLE HORNETS FIGHTIN' MAD RIGHT NOW...
WELL BOYS WE'VE BEEN ASKING FOR ACTION... NOW WE'RE GOING TO GET IT. THERE'S A FLEET OF NAZI BOMBERS SNEAKING ALONG UPSTAIRS. NOW IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THEM! JUST REMEMBER... KEEP TIGHT FORMATIONS!
THAT'S ALL BOYS.... AND REMEMBER THEY SAY THAT THEY DONT KNOW WHETHER NEGROES MAKE GOOD PILOTS... YOU CAN MAKE THEM LIARS! GOD BLESS YOU ALL.... MAN YOUR SHIPS!

showing the camaraderie among a continuing cast of children. Influenced by the work of Ollie Harrington, Turner's *Dinky Fellas* started as an all-Black strip in the *Chicago Defender*, and included the character Nipper, based on Turner's own childhood. Turner added young white characters to better make his points about racial justice. Facial variations between the races was minimized. Differences were more clearly demonstrated in clothing and language. When *Dinky Fellas*, retitled *Wee Pals*, was syndicated in 1965, it became the first comic strip syndicated in the mainstream press with continuing Black central characters of equal social status to their white counterparts.

Morrie Turner had tried unsuccessfully to get Black comics printed by the white press in the 1950s. Even when *Wee Pals* was first nationally syndicated it was carried in only five major newspapers. It took the assassination in 1968 of Martin Luther King, Jr. and the resulting wave of white guilt to increase the number of Black characters in the mainstream press. *Wee Pals* acquired the majority of its syndication sources within three months after the King killing, and other Black kid strips were born—Brumsic Brandon, Jr.'s *Luther* (named in tribute to Dr. King) in 1968, and Ted Shearer's *Quincy* in 1970.

While Turner's integrated cast of kids were middle-class, Brandon's *Luther* was deliberately set in the working-class Black ghetto and dealt less with race relations than with the universal human aspects of a child's struggle for survival. Brandon had been submitting strips (featuring whites or animals) for mainstream syndication since the late 1930s. With Luther he was determined to "tell it like it is."

SPARKS
I WONDER WHAT'S TAKIN' HER SO LONG?
FOR GOSH SAKES, AREN'T YOU READY YET?
JUST BE QUIET! I TOLD YOU AN HOUR AGO THAT...
...I'D BE READY IN A MINUTE!

DOMESTIC—*The Sparks*, a strip by Commodore of the *Chicago Defender*.

Brandon put a "message" in the gag format and created his cast of kid characters with names like "Hardcore" (from "hard-core unemployed"), "Oreo" (slang for the person who is "Black" on the outside but "white " on the inside), and their never-seen white teacher "Miss Backlash."

Tom Feelings, *Tommy Traveler in the World of Negro History*, 1958.

TOMMY TRAVELER
IN THE WORLD OF NEGRO HISTORY
MISS BROOKS, I CAN'T FIND ANY MORE BOOKS ON NEGRO HISTORY!!
YOU MUST HAVE READ ALL OF THEM TOMMY, BUT I THINK I CAN SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM!
IMAGINATION IS A WONDERFUL THING....AND BOOKS ARE THE FUEL FOR A YOUNG MIND! IN THE READING OF THESE BOOKS, A PERSON CAN TRAVEL VERY FAR AND WIDE IN MANY WORLDS.....
by TOM FEELINGS © 1958
OLD DOCTOR GRAY ON VINE STREET HAS A PRIVATE COLLECTION! I BELIEVE HE'LL LET YOU READ THEM!!
OH BOY! THANKS, MISS BROOKS! MAY I HAVE HIS ADDRESS.
A FEW MINUTES, TOMMY IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF DOCTOR GRAYS HOUSE.....
HELLO, DOCTOR GRAY! I'M TOMMY TRAVELER, MISS BROOKS SHE
I KNOW, SON, SHE JUST PHONED AND TOLD ME YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY!! COME IN MY BOY
THIS IS MY LIBRARY, TOMMY! THE BOOKS YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ARE HERE. READ ALL YOU WANT, BUT BE CAREFUL. THEY ARE VALUABLE!
WOW!! THIS IS SOME COLLECTION!! EGYPTIAN HISTORY, LIFE OF THE ASIATIC NEGRO AND NEGROES IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY!!
I'LL READ THIS LAST ONE!!
WITH WIDE EYES AND ANXIOUS FINGERS, TOMMY THUMBS THE PAGES.....AND.....
...WITH HIS ACTIVE IMAGINATION! HE QUICKLY SLIDES INTO ANOTHER WORLD.....
1958
REVOLUTION!
1887
1778
1776
JUNE 1776, JUST AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE MORTIER HOUSE, IN THE SUBERBS OF NEW YORK CITY, HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS FOR GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF.....
TOMMY! TOMMY, HURRY UP WITH THAT WATER. MISS PHOEBE HAS GOT TO GET THIS HOUSEHOLD IN GOOD ORDER FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS MEN!
ER...YES MAM, I'M HURRYING!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...

LUTHER, WHERE WOULD YOU RATHER LIVE...
...IN A WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD OR A BLACK ONE?
A GREEN ONE!
A GREEN ONE?
SURE, WITH GRASS AND TREES AND BUSHES!

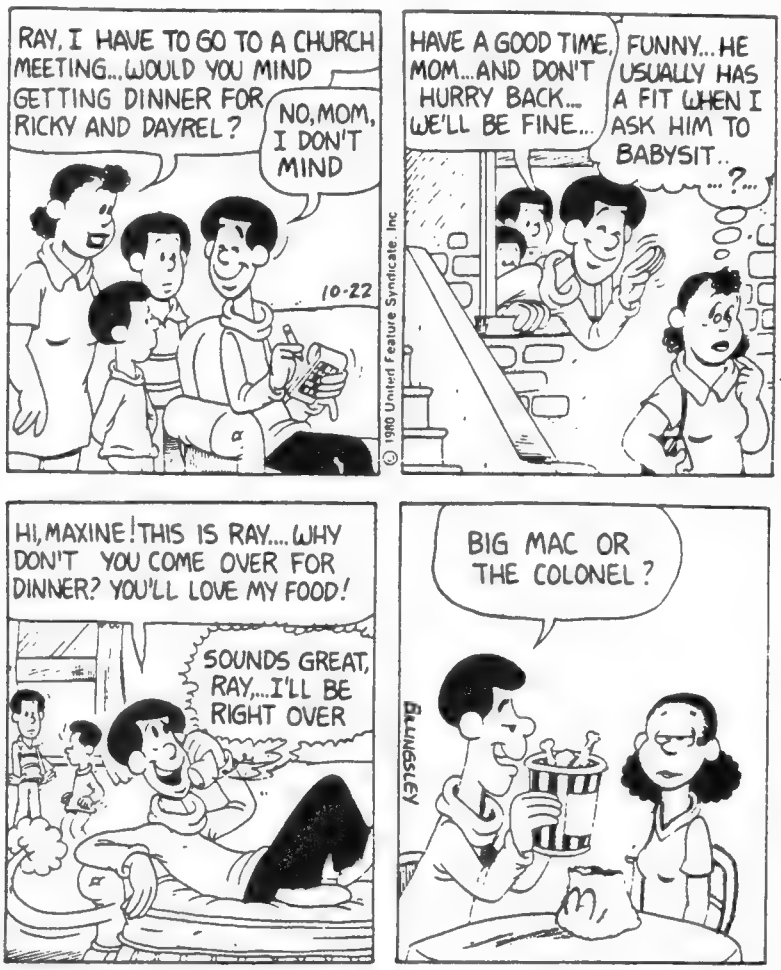
MOUTHS OF BABES—Brumsic Brandon, Jr., drew the trenchant *Luther* for the L.A. Times Syndicate.

The most biting of the strips born in the 1960s, *Luther* ended in June, 1986.

The Black activism of the 1960s also led to new individualized portrayals of Black characters in the mainstream press. Among these were action-adventure strips like *Dateline: Danger* (1968), *The Badge Guys* (1971), and *Friday Foster* (1972). The Black characters since introduced in humorous strips like Franklin in *Peanuts* (1968), Lt. Flap in *Beetle Bailey* (1970), Clyde and Ginny in *Doonesbury* (1970-75), and Oliver Wendell Jones in *Bloom County* (1985) are Black caricatures drawn consistent with the manner in which the white figures are caricatured. Instead of huge lips and jet black faces to indicate Blackness, it is usually hair style, a goatee (for Black males), or dots or lines for shading. The focus of white cartoonists when portraying Black characters has shifted from appearance to characterization.

A variety of comics continued to appear in the Black press from the mid-1960s to the mid-1980s. In the late 1960s, Eugene Majied drew highly idealized, spiffy-clean images for the history lesson the adult male Muslim lovingly gave his son in *Muhammad's Message* for *Muhammad Speaks*. Richard "Grass" Green did the Black family adventure strip *Lost Family* in 1969 for *Frost Illustrated* (Fort Wayne, Indiana) before turning his artistic attention to comic books. Seitu Hayden's *Waliku* (Swahili for "the great-great-grandchildren"), which appeared from 1972 to 1975 in the *Chicago Defender*, showed both children and adolescents in their day-to-day dealings in the ghetto. A protege of Grass Green, Hayden drew the facial features of *Waliku*'s characters to be specifically Black so no lines or dots were needed for shading as in other strips. The futuristic *NOG: Protector of the Pyramids* by Turtel Onli in the *Chicago Defender* (1979) was firmly rooted in African symbols. *NOG* was later expanded into a comic book.

In the 1980s, publisher and editorial cartoonist Yaounde Olu, in her *Papers* and *The Progressive Secretary*, served up a diversity of comic characters which were both stylized and nontraditional. Her *Slinky Ledbetter and Comp'ny* (1980) showed two very different shaped Black


RAY, I HAVE TO GO TO A CHURCH MEETING...WOULD YOU MIND GETTING DINNER FOR RICKY AND DAYREL?
NO, MOM, I DON'T MIND
10-22
© 1980 United Feature Syndicate, Inc
HAVE A GOOD TIME, MOM...AND DON'T HURRY BACK... WE'LL BE FINE...
FUNNY...HE USUALLY HAS A FIT WHEN I ASK HIM TO BABYSIT..
...?...
HI, MAXINE! THIS IS RAY....WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER FOR DINNER? YOU'LL LOVE MY FOOD!
SOUNDS GREAT, RAY,...I'LL BE RIGHT OVER
BIG MAC OR THE COLONEL?
BILLINGSLEY

TEENS—Billingsly's *Lookin' Fine* was a daily strip from United Features in the early 1980s.

I DON'T GET IT.. THEY STARTED OUT WITH FREEDOM RIDES...
AND NOW THEY HAVE SWITCHED TO FREEDOM MARCHES...
IT'S SIMPLE...
MORRIE
ALL THE BUSES WERE BLOWN UP...SO NOW THEY GOTTA WALK

Morrie Turner, *Wee Pals.*

spacemen who were visually captivating. Olu's insightful portrayal comes from both knowing her community intimately and sympathizing deeply with it. Her 1983 strip, *Jerri Kirl,* was a generic working person who used everyday wisdom in the 1980s, just as *Torchy Brown* did in the 1950s.

The Black characters drawn by Black artists working for the mainstream press have continued to evolve. Burton Clarke's realistically drawn, classically handsome, gay Black man *Cy Ross* (1980) in the *New York Native* raised important questions about alienation in contemporary urban life. Young, talented Ray Billingsley did a humorous strip syndicated in 1980-82 entitled *Lookin' Fine,* centering on a Black teenager named Ray and his relationships with parents, siblings, and friends. (*Lookin' Fine* is reminiscent of Mel Tapley's cleverly done teenage strip *Breezy* from the Black press in the 1940s.) Billingsley is currently doing a new, integrated strip which includes a character "like Whoopi Goldberg." Buck Brown, best known for the hilarious "Granny" cartoons he drew for *Playboy* for several decades, has been asked by the *Chicago Tribune* to create a Black street-oriented strip, which Brown plans to center around a blues musician.

Despite occasional opportunities, residues of the old stereotypes still persist in the mainstream newspaper comics, especially of black males. The interest in and demand for Black characters has severely waned during the Reagan years. Today, many big-city papers have few if any Black images in their strips. As long as there are those who perpetuate the ethnocentric notion that only white characters are "non-racial" or "universal" then the presentation of Black images in the mainstream press will continue to be limited. As Brumsic Brandon, Jr. said, "We should not be so insensitive that we fail to see the truth, nor should we be so sensitive that we fail to see what humor lies therein . . . If the positive Black image is to continue to emerge and prosper. . .editors must be made to know that the comic strip readers dig what's happening." Write on.

MAE IS GONNA SIT WITH YOU TWO TONIGHT SO I WANT YALL TO BEHAVE.
HOW COME WE GOTTA HAVE A BABYSITTER?
CAUSE YOU'RE TOO YOUNG NOT TO HAVE ONE.
WHAT'S TOO YOUNG? I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF IN ANY SITUATION.
YEAH? WHAT IF A CRAZY MAN WITH A GUN GOT IN HERE AND TRIED TO KILL US WHILE WE'RE ALONE?
THE SAME THING THAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A CRAZY MAN WITH A GUN GOT IN HERE AND TRIED TO KILL US WHILE WE'RE WITH A BABYSITTER.

Seitu Hayden, *Waliku,* 1975.

An Extinct Species of Graphic Humor

On the next pages is a portfolio of vintage American cartoons using depiction and treatment of ethnic groups, minorities and immigrants as themes. A certain period, and certain groups, have been selected; the cartoons are generally from the 1880-1910 period, and most of the cartoons deal with Irish, Blacks, and Jews.

The reasons for the selections are several: For the most part, depictions of ethnic minorities before this period dealt heavily in baser caricatures than these (believe it or not), were designed to be crueler, and reflected an attitude closer to bigotry than humor. After this period ethnic stereotypes stayed alive in largely disreputable corners but also, oddly, in a few prominent spots as well. The *New Yorker*, for instance, ran cartoons depicting Jews rather stereotypically into the '30s; and in comic strips, Will Eisner's *Spirit* as well as the self-avowedly liberal *Joe Palooka* featured stereotypical Blacks well into the late '40s. Therefore in a sense the cartoons in this portfolio are from a sort of middle-period heyday of ethnic images.

Why the groups? Irish, Blacks and Jews were the main butts of cartoonists' focus during those years, but by no means the exclusive models. On the other hand, cartoons about English immigrants (or visitors) and Germans are rather flat and must have seemed uninspired even at the time: there is nothing beyond portrayals of, respectively, foppish dandies and rotund beer-drinkers. There is little of the thematic variety, not to mention the simple volume of attention, afforded Irish, Blacks and Jews. With these three groups cartoonists displayed an exuberant *elan*.

The next question should be asked immediately: Can we dismiss the stereotypical depictions of human beings so glibly? Readers are referred to the editorial of this issue, and invited also to attempt to place themselves into a very different society of 100 long years ago. As stated above—and as hard as it might be for 1980s readers to digest images of simian Irish, somnolent rural Blacks, and conniving Jewish merchants—these sorts of cartoons represented an actual liberalization of treatment by cartoonists. If popular magazines treated immigrants as, say, silly rather than subversive, then it was surely a step towards amity and amelioration—a small step, although significant, and far from the final steps; but notable nonetheless. A measure of corroboration is available in the persons of cartoonists who lampooned their own groups—Sullivant with the Irish, Opper (reportedly) and Gross with the Jews, E. Simms Campbell with the Blacks, even Joseph Keppler with his vicious attacks on the Catholic Church in America. It is conceivable that these cartoonists might have been uncomfortable ribbing their own kind, but it is certain that none did so under duress or threats of unemployment.

In a scholarly—and a social—sense these cartoons, which might now be regarded as impolite at best and crudely offensive at worst, are nevertheless useful in the 1980s. Beyond a reminder of what Americans were, how American thought, what immigrants fought, how Blacks were forced to cope, etc., etc., they provide a valuable sourcebook, *de facto* censored by several generations, of images once central to everyday life. There is little point in pretending such a major preoccupation did not exist.

Once those hurdles—admittedly considerable and debatable—are passed, readers of *NEMO* and students of the cartoon can consider the pieces in this portfolio as cartoons pure and simple. Most are the products of artists consciously stretching their themes to ridiculous levels—exaggerating both people and attributes. Dealing with a mere handful of cliches and conventions with each group, the cartoonist was obliged to be innovative, once again in drawing and concept. Given that the average depiction was not offensive, many cartoonists did their most imaginative work with ethnic themes; certainly Zim (Eugene Zimmerman) did, and so did the great T.S. Sullivant, along with his animal cartoons.

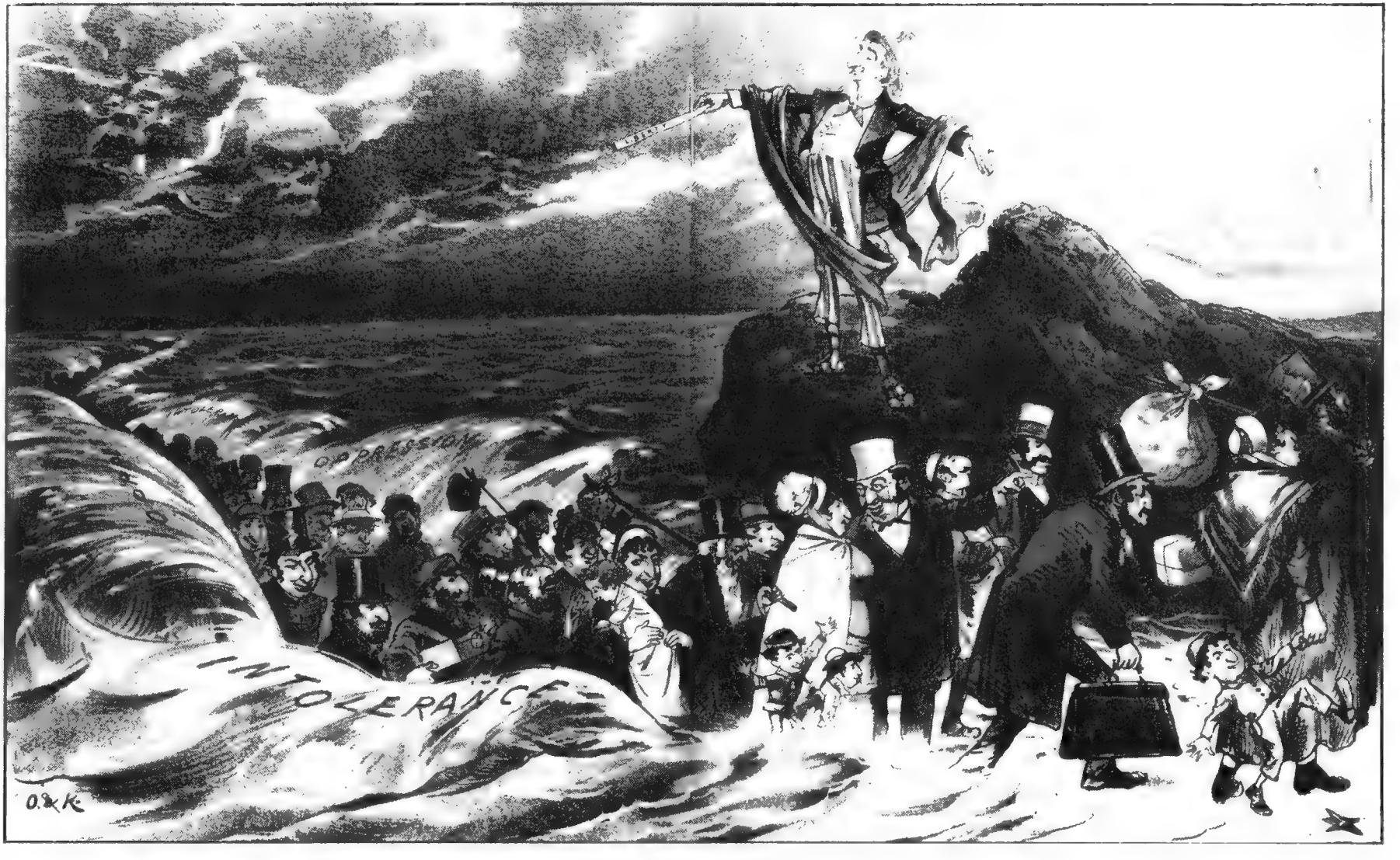
The magazines and newspapers in which these cartoons appeared could not afford to grossly—terminally—offend large and growing portions of their readerships represented by minority groups. Once again comes corroboration in the form of an exception proving the rule: *Life* magazine in general and cartoonist Harrison Cady in particular warred with organized Jewry between around 1907 and 1911. Jews were attacked for monopolizing theatrical management, imposing shoddy theaters and tinderbox stages on the audience, and promoting scandalous morals on the general public through productions. Jewish groups organized demonstrations and boycotts of *Life*, and the magazine's reviewer was barred from theaters by Jewish managers. It was a war, and the cartoons were vicious. In contrast, the material in this portfolio was good-natured (full of, or dripping with, all sorts of stereotypes, as seen with 20/20 hindsight) and, whether we can believe it or not, meant to evoke chuckles, not hatred.

When any cartoon can do that and succeed it is a fairly valid piece of art. Graphically, many of these cartoons are masterpieces. In their own contexts we invite appreciation on the other levels that exist as well.

—*REM*

I know of no reason why a Frenchman should look so different from the Dutchman, or a Spaniard should so unlike the American, for we are all descendants from Adam and Eve. Yet there is a distinct racial or national expression in every countenance by which we are able to determine at a glance to which race or nation it belongs. This should be borne in mind when drawing foreign characters so that the reader may distinguish one race from another.

—Cartoonist Eugene Zimmerman ("Zim")

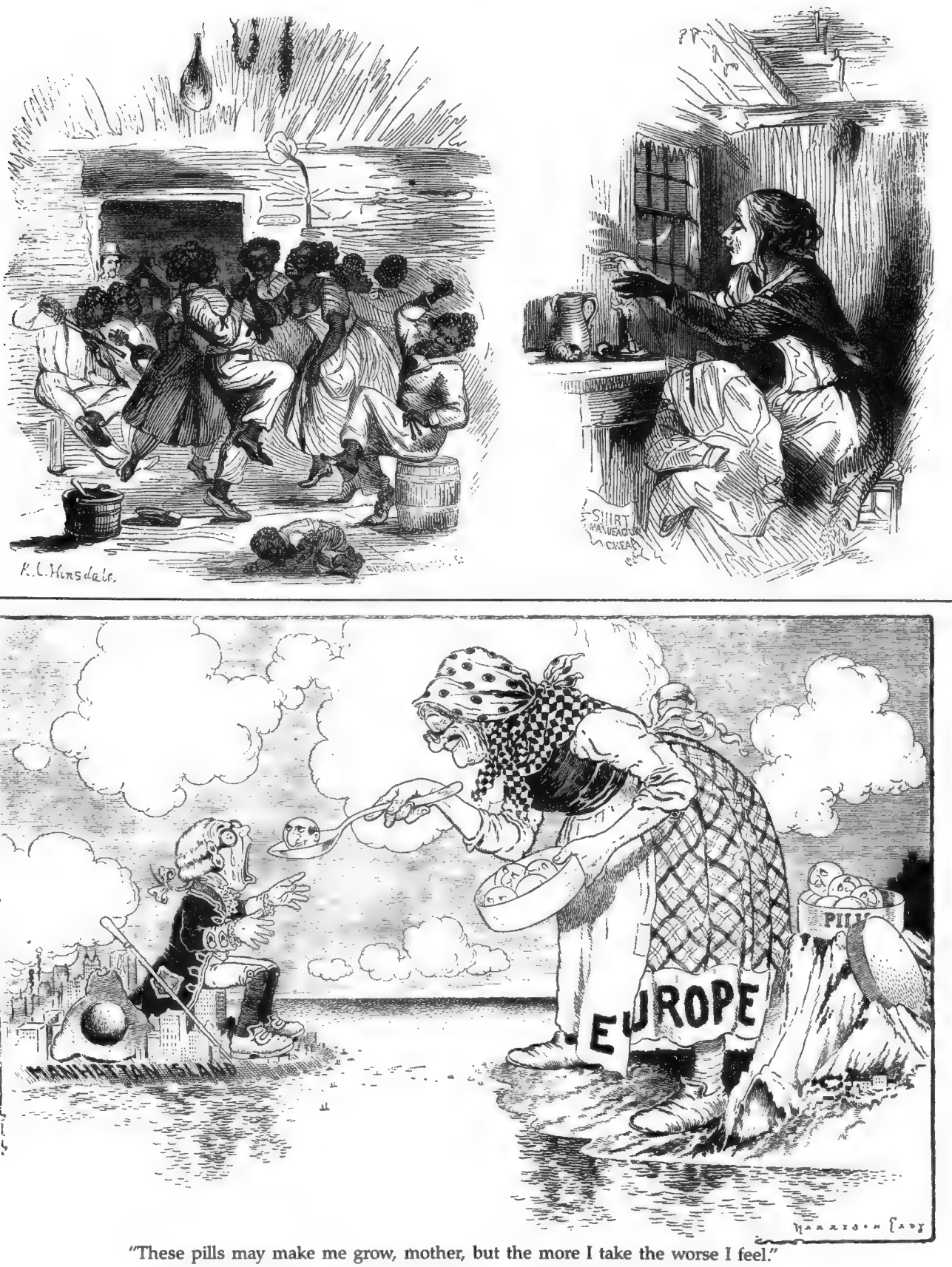


THE MODERN MOSES.

UNCLE SAM: "Sincere welcome! In my ark there is room for all!"

POETRY OF THE PENCIL.

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY IN BLACK. AND WHITE.

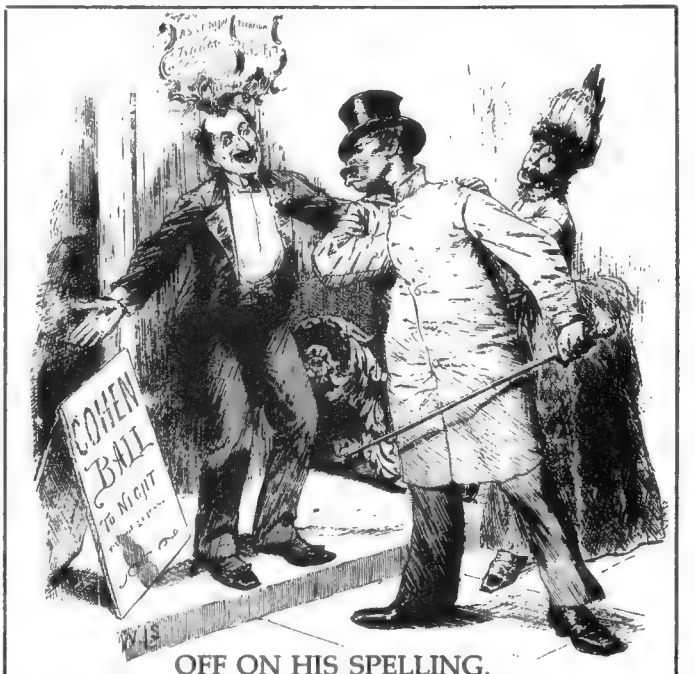


"These pills may make me grow, mother, but the more I take the worse I feel."

DE WATER MELON IS DE SOLE PROPERTY OB DE ACKTORS
DE AUDIENCE TAKES ITS LIFE IN ITS OWN HANS IF IT MOVES OUT OB ITS SEAT DURING DIS SCENE WE ARE PREPARED TO PROTECT OUR RIGHTS
R.F. Outcault

SHAKESPEARE IN POSSUMVILLE.
The Possumville dramatic club in "A Midsummer-night's Dream."

THE SMART SET.
"How am yo'r bloomin' bride segastiatin' dis mawnin, sah?"
"She am feelin' quite preposterous, sah. In fact, she am de only toad in de puddle."



OFF ON HIS SPELLING.
MR. STROPS—"Whad's d' reason we can't kim in?"
MR. COHEN—"We don'd allow no colored peoples in der hall; dot's de reason."
MR. STROPS—"Whadjer wanter advytise a coon ball for, den? C-o-h-e-n 'coon,' spells 'coon,' an' I gits in, else I flops razzers!"

SPECIALISTS—Several cartoonists made their careers out of depicting Blacks in humorous drawings. One such cartoonist was Thomas Worth, Currier and Ives's chief funnyman in their print production in the 1870s; he continued his Black themes through work on *Judge* in the '80s; and for the pioneer Sunday comic section in New York in the '90s. W.L. Shepard was an artist, like E.W. Kemble, who specialized in Blacks—both in cartoons and illustrations—and who was regarded as a sympathetic eye. R.F. Outcault, creator of the Yellow Kid, specialized in rural Black subjects in *Judge*.

THE MASTER—E.W. Kemble, whose first major work was illustrating *Huckleberry Finn*, became known as America's premier delineator of Blacks. His cartoons could be outrageous, but his illustrations could be sympathetic; the *Century* sent him on sketchbook-reporting tours of the South to study Blacks. For *Life* he did the *Coontown* series; for Hearst he drew the *Blackberries* and *Chocolate Drops*; and for years he drew the Black Gold Dust Twins in advertisements and calendars.

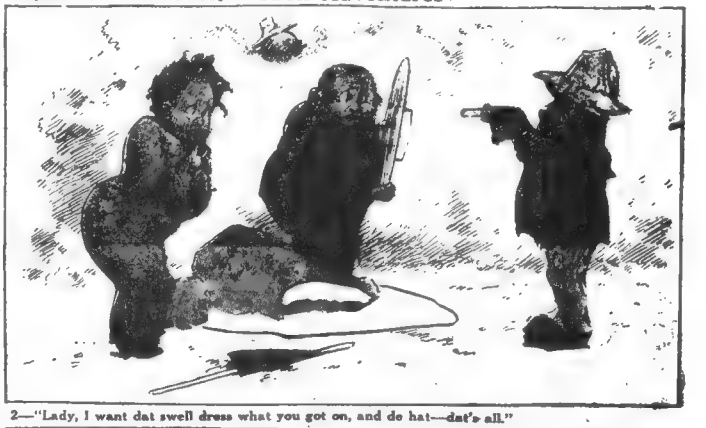
MISS SNOWBALL (*admiringly*)—"Yo' ain't much on size, Mistah Johnsing, but youah inwentive genius had obercome ouah greates' co'tship differculty."

"Accordin' to de inundations of your index hand, your life has been one long splendid romance."

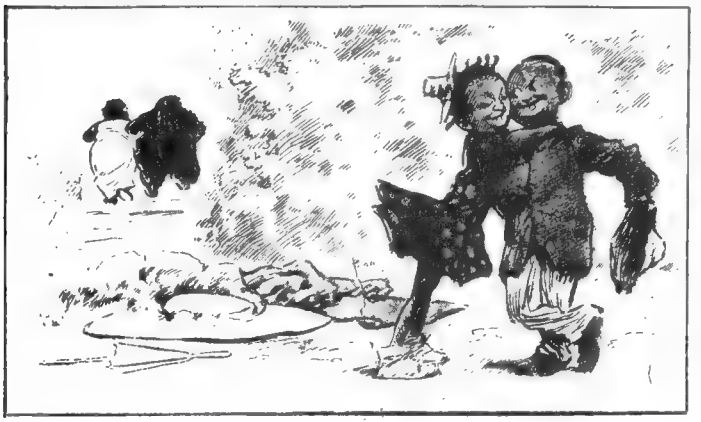
THE CHOCOLATE DROPS!

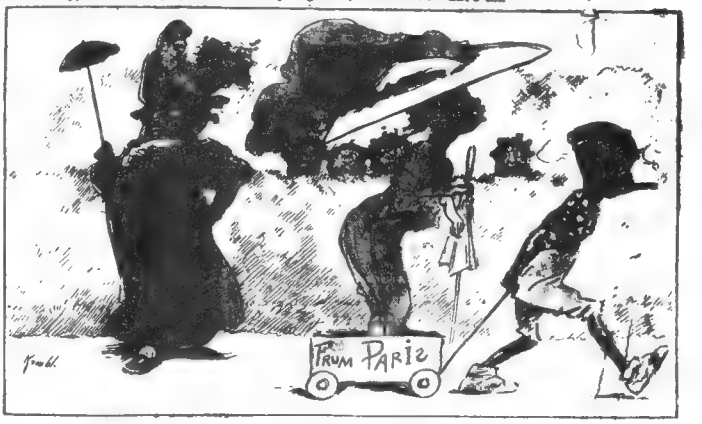
Chocolate Eclair and Chocolate Sundae, Sweetybunch and Cutey---Their Adventures!

1—"You don't need to be skeered, Sweetybunch, while your Cutey boy is wid you."



2—"Lady, I want dat swell dress what you got on, and de hat—dat's all."





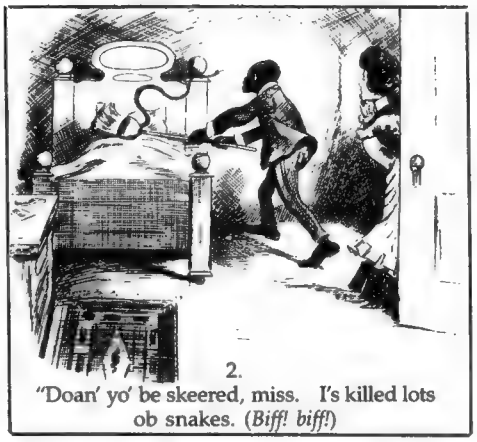
THE DOCTOR—"Yo' is so pow'ful thin, Mister Cotton, dat I find it difficult to diagnosis wefer de malady am a stummickache or a backache."

"Not gwine ter meetin' dis mornin', Brer Henderson?"
"Cyarn't do it, Parson. Got ter hoe over some corn, jist planted."
"But cyarn't de corn wait?"
"Not so well as de Lord can."

"Ain't it jes' wonderful to fink all dem bricks in dat wall was laid by men."
"Mo' wonderful ef dey had been laid by hens."
"Did you evah lay anything, Mistah Rasmus?"
"I laid my heart at your feet more'n once, Miss Jonsing."

"Look heah, Rufus Jackson, doan' you come around heah whistlin' dem hymn tunes wid dat sanctified 'spression on you face; every time you does dat dere's a melon dissapears from my patch de nex' night. Ef you wants ter avoid 'spicion, change yer tune and yer face."

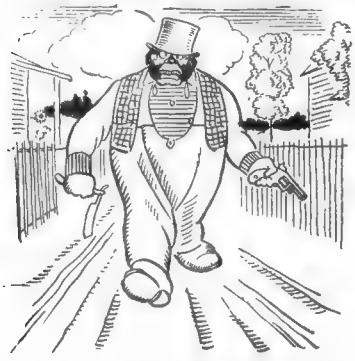
1.
"Oh, heavens! a serpent!"



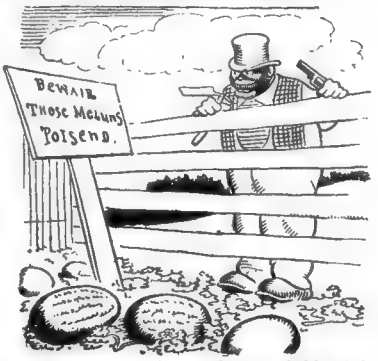
2.
"Doan' yo' be skeered, miss. I's killed lots ob snakes. (*Biff! biff!*)

3.
"Forgive me, boss!"

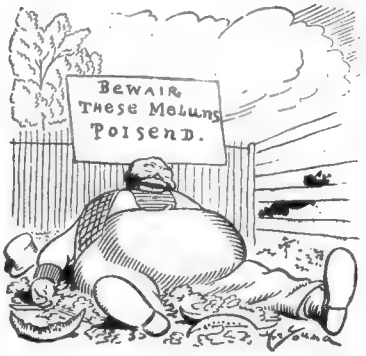
LITTLE POMPEY—"Gran'pap, is yo' skeered at sumpfin'?"
GRANDPAP—"Co'se I ain't skeered, yo' lil' fool! I's jes' runnin' fo' fun, to see how fas' I kin go."



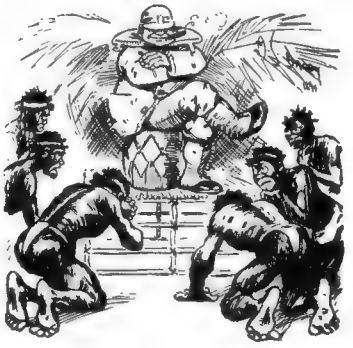
"Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! Mah baby done shake me foh a cheap niggah; now I'se gwine out in de woods an' suicide mahself!"



"Goodness me! W'ot's de use ob blowin' yo haid off when yo' kin jes' as well die happy?"



"Lifeless and beautiful he lay."

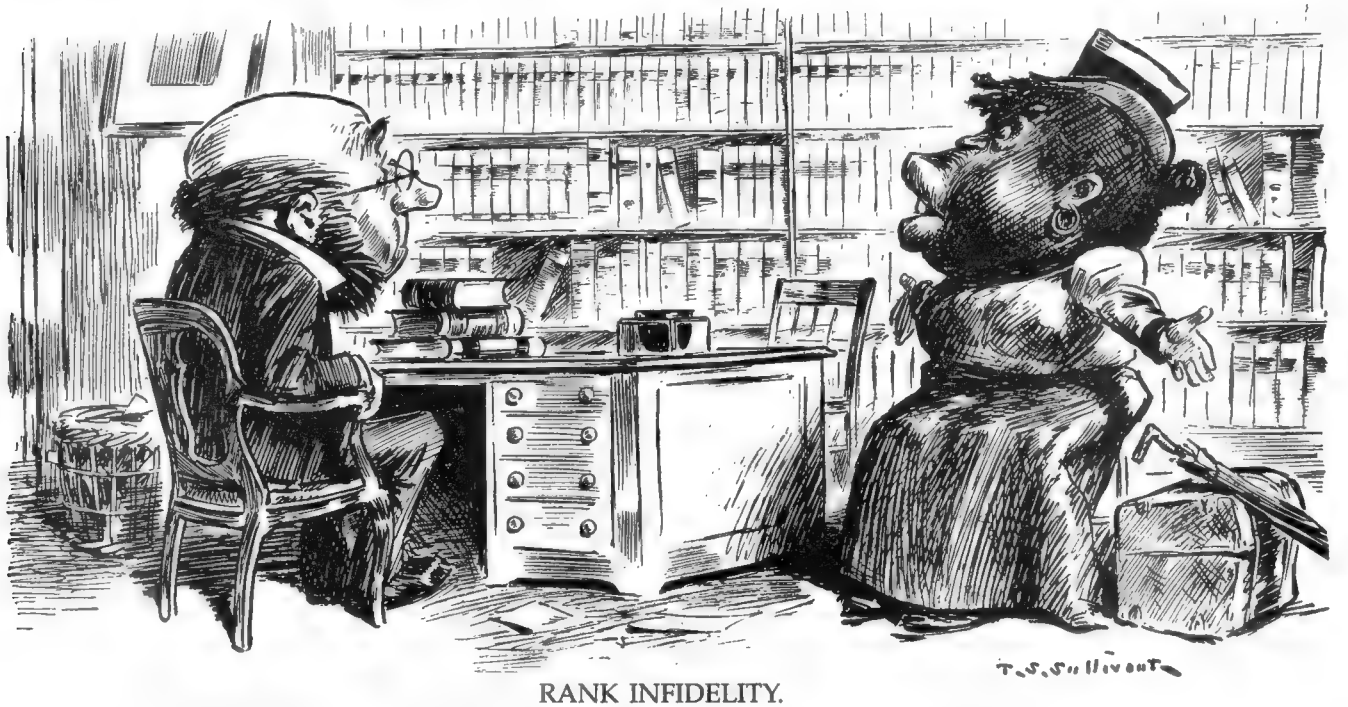


THE EXPLORER AND THE BULLET-PROOF COAT.

MISS WROTHERS (*frigidly*)—"Yo' kin just quit dat pants hitchin' up program, Mr. Koons. Any man dat expects to win *me* on bended knees, mustn't put no premium on de set ob a pair ob two-dollar lavender trousers."

MR. BRECKENRIDGE—"Hi dar, yo' folks! Bettah git out. I heered d' flo' crack."
MR. COALES—"Kim back heah, yo' fool coon. Dat was Miss Winders smackin' her lips ober d' ice-cream."

MR. JOHNSON—"Miss Snowflaike told me she dreamed dat she was takin' in washin' for a livin'. Wondah whad she meant by dat?
MR. JACKSON—"Why, cain't yo' see? She wanted to tell yo' dat she dreamed yo' an' her was married, but was too bashful to say so outright."



RANK INFIDELITY.

LAWYER—"You say you want to sue your husband for divorce on the ground of infidelity?"
"Yais, sah. De misabul infidel say he doan' believe de whale evah swallered Jonah, or de animals went into de ark, or nuffin'."

HOW HE WON HER.

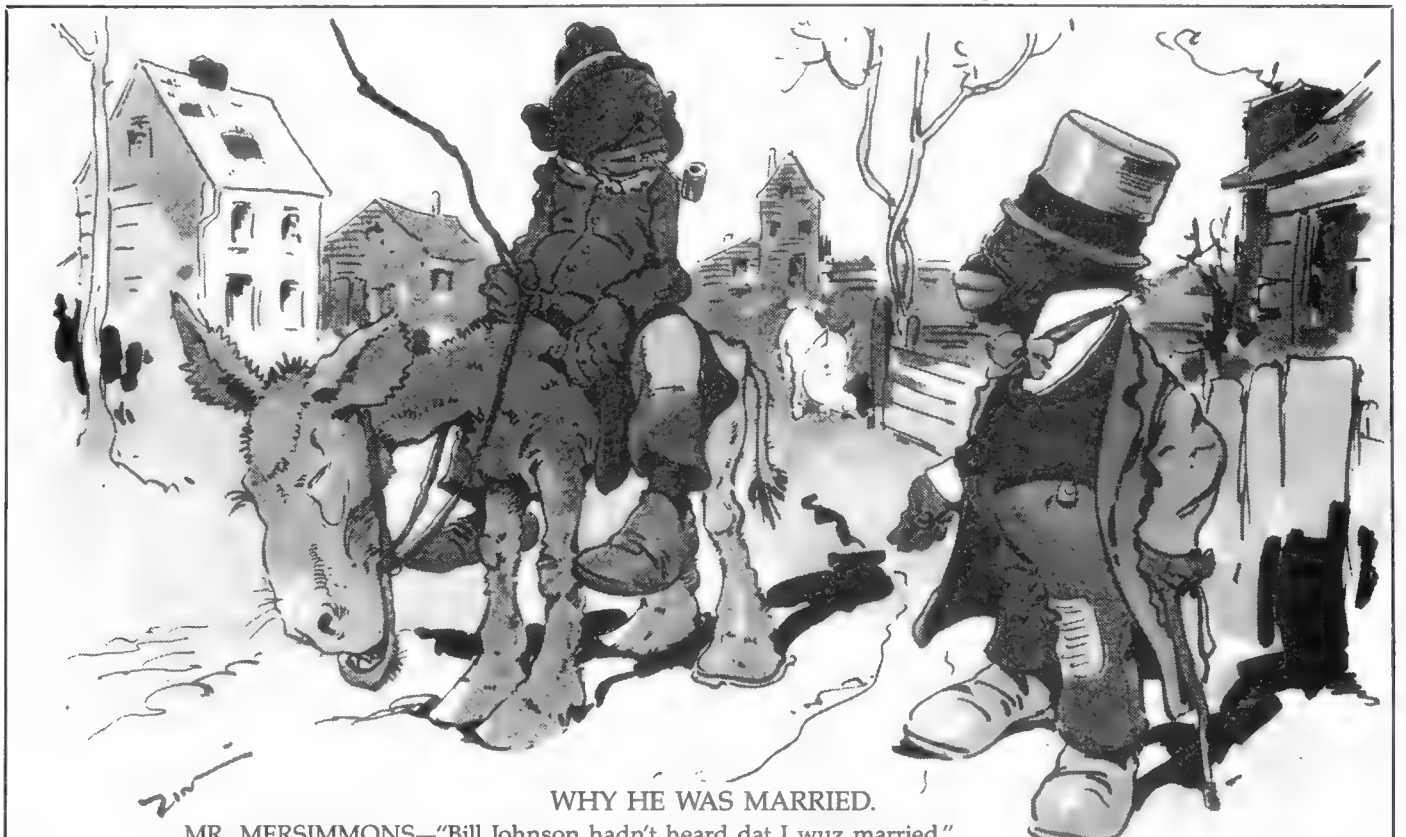
MR. JIM JACKSON—"Ef I owned de Kohinoor diamond, dearest—"
MISS LULU SIMPSON—"Y-yes, honey?"
MR. JIM JACKSON—"I would hab it set in dat cavity in yo'r front tooth to add an added brilliancy to yo'r angelic smile."

DUTCH COURAGE.

MISS JACKSON—"How dare you to try to kiss me when you've bin drinkin' gin?"
MR. JOHNSON—"Why, honey, d-dat's why I drank it!"

HE WAS PROSTRATED.

MRS. JOHNSON—"I undahstan' dat yo'r wife hab nervous prostration."
MR. JACKSON—"Oh, no! Mah wife had de *nervousness*, but it's *me* dat gets de *prostration*!"



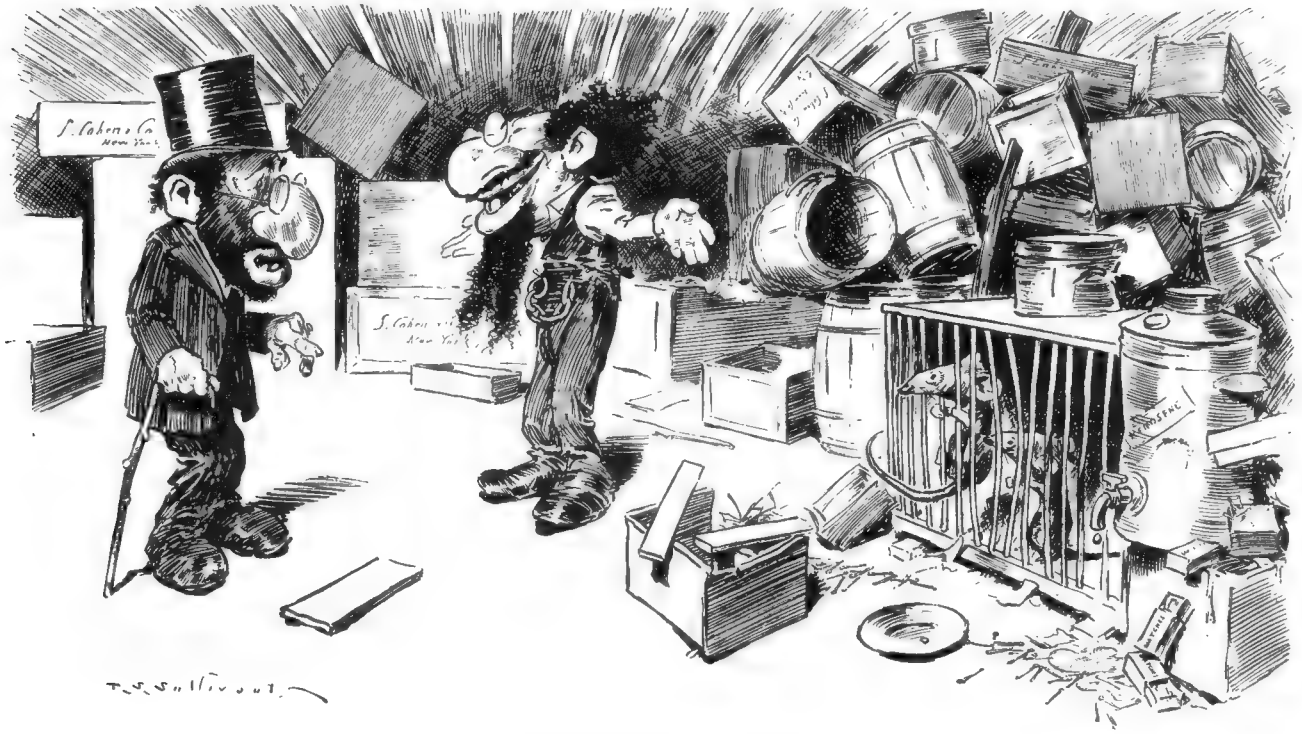
WHY HE WAS MARRIED.

MR. MERSIMMONS—"Bill Johnson hadn't heard dat I wuz married."
MR. POSSUMOS—"Hadn't, eh?"
MR. MERSIMMONS—"No, indeed. He jes' met me on de street an' axed me why I wuzn't workin'."

Where, O where, are the He-brew Chil-dren?

GETTING THERE.

MR. COHEN—"Remember, Shakey, you must be always ready if you aim to get rich in New York."
JAKEY—"Yes, fadder. My motto in life shall be 'Ready, aim, fire!' "



SAGACIOUS ANIMALS.

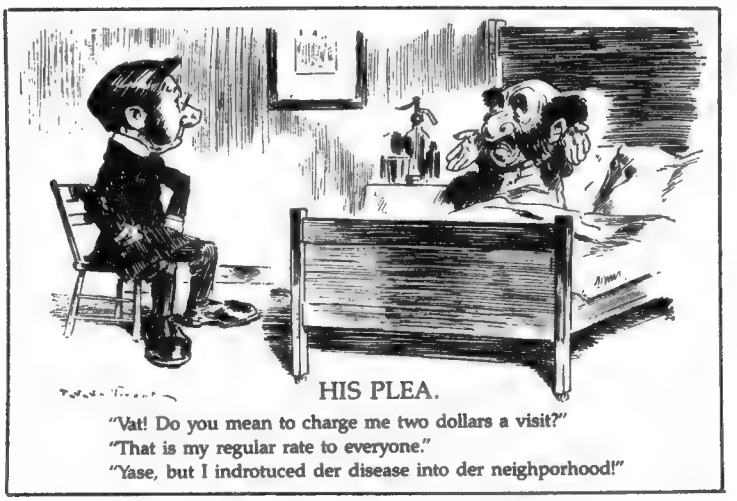
ISAACS—"Vot you got dem rats in dot cage for?"
COHEN—"Don'd say a vord. Dose are trained rats. Dem rats are trained to come out unt chew matches effery time bizniss geds dull."

A REBUKE.

ISAACSTEIN—"Vill you gif me credit for a bill ohf goots, Cohen?"
COHEN—"Mein hevings, Isaacstein! I gave you credit for having better sense as to expect me to gif you credit for *anyt'ing*."

HE SAW HIM FIRST.

EINSTEIN—"Cohen caught a burglar in his shtore last night und turned him over to der police."
ISAACS—"Vat a fool! Vhy didn't he rob him himself?"

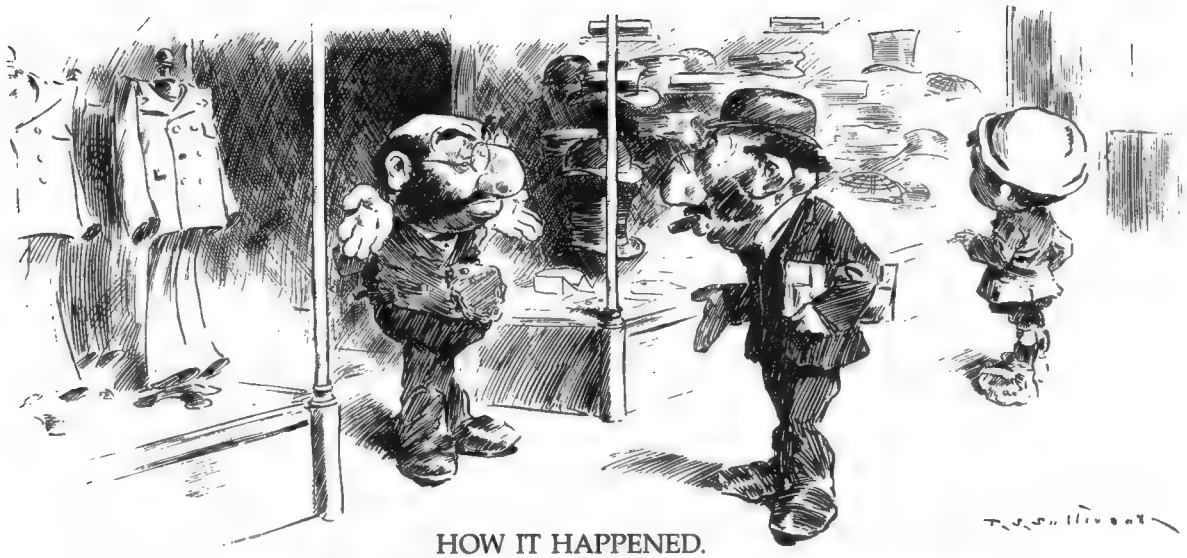


HIS PLEA.

"Vat! Do you mean to charge me two dollars a visit?"
"That is my regular rate to everyone."
"Yase, but I indrotuced der disease into der neighporhood!"

"How will Oi iver git up thot hill?"
"De same vay as I come town; chust foller your nose."

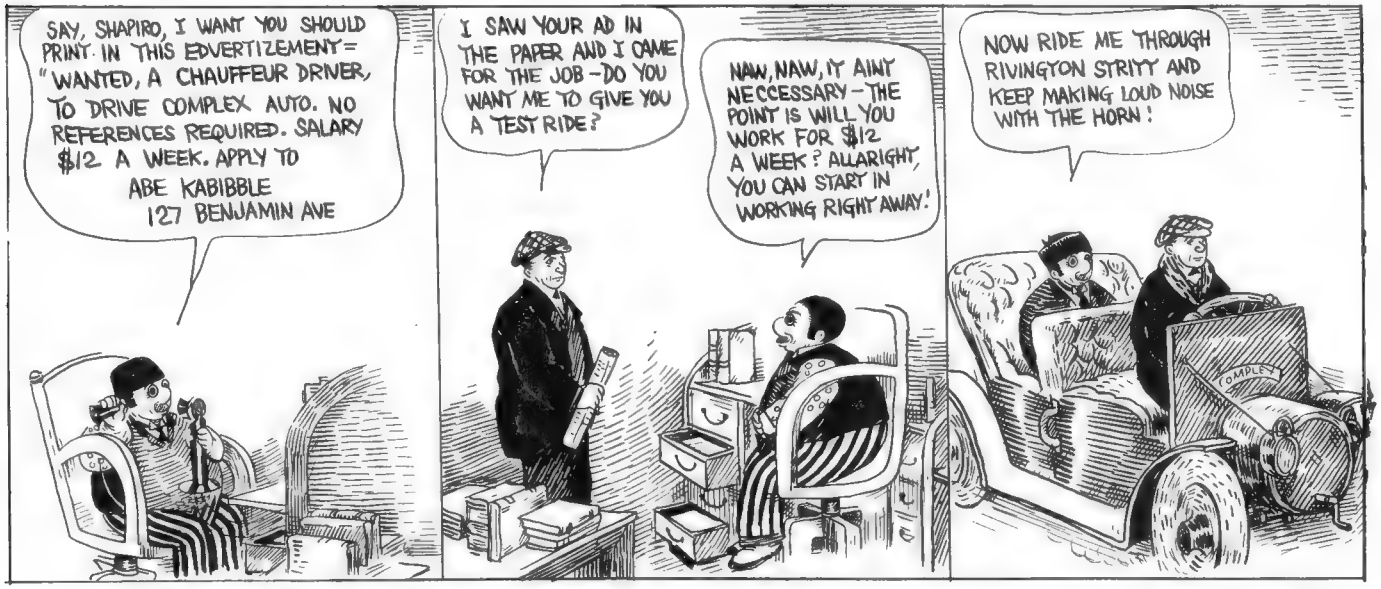
THE DRAMA.
As we get it in New York.



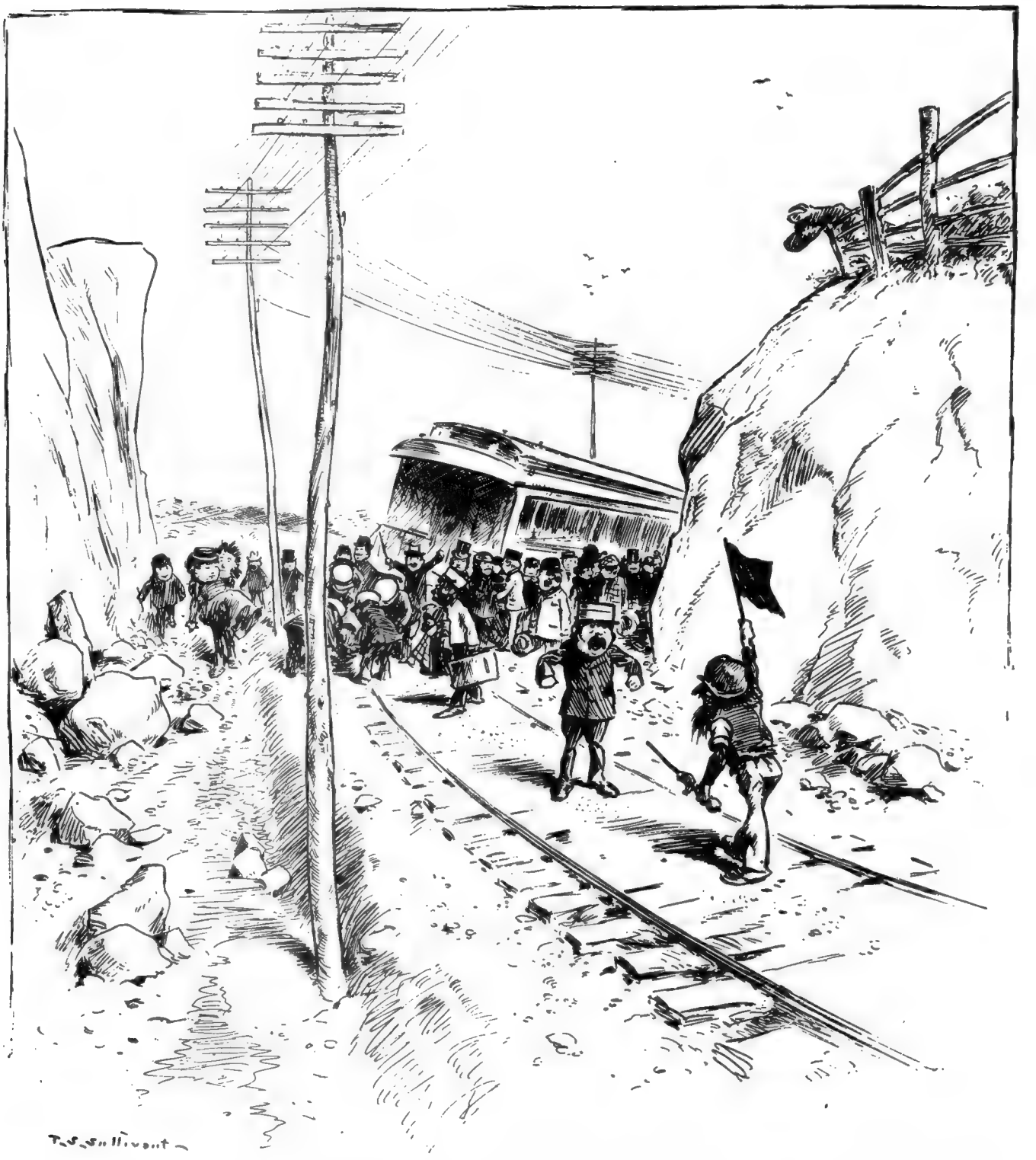
HOW IT HAPPENED.

ISAACS—"I shouldn't t'ink you vould care to do peeshniss in a fire-proof building."
COHEN—"Oh, I don't own der building; I only own der shtock."

Harry Hershfield's *Abie the Agent.*


SAY, SHAPIRO, I WANT YOU SHOULD PRINT IN THIS EDVERTIZEMENT= "WANTED, A CHAUFFEUR DRIVER, TO DRIVE COMPLEX AUTO. NO REFERENCES REQUIRED. SALARY $12 A WEEK. APPLY TO ABE KABIBBLE 127 BENJAMIN AVE
I SAW YOUR AD IN THE PAPER AND I CAME FOR THE JOB - DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A TEST RIDE?
NAW, NAW, IT AINT NECCESSARY - THE POINT IS WILL YOU WORK FOR $12 A WEEK? ALLARIGHT, YOU CAN START IN WORKING RIGHT AWAY!
NOW RIDE ME THROUGH RIVINGTON STRITT AND KEEP MAKING LOUD NOISE WITH THE HORN!
COMPLEX

LISTEN, ABE, PEOPLE TELL ME YOUVE GOT A CHAUFFEUR- IS HE A GOOD ONE?
YEH, REBA, I GOT A CHAUFFEUR NOW - AS TO HIM BEING A GOOD ONE, I DONT CARE ODDER WOY!
YOURE PECULIAR, ABE - IF YOU GOT A CHAUFFEUR, YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A GOOD ONE!
LISTEN, REBA, WHY SHOULD I PAY BIG EXPENSES FOR A GOOD CHAUFFEUR - THEY CANT STOP THE BAD ONES FROM BUMPING INTO YOU JUST THE SAME!
To Mrs. St. Clair, from a Chicago "Rika" Yours Hershfield
HERSHFIELD '20



CONDUCTOR—"Why didn't you wave that red flag instead of the green when I sent you down the track? You could have saved this train."
PAT: "For no man will Oi wave a red flag whin Oi have a grane wan!"

HE WAS DEAD RIGHT.

CASSIDY—"It makes me cry to think th' b'ys wouldn't shtrike fer longer hours an' less pay."
CASEY—"Yer crazy, mon! Phwat would they do that fer?"
CASSIDY—"Bekase we niver git phwat we shtrike fer, anyhow."

WHAT WAS KILLING HER.

DR. KELLY—"Your daughter doesn't appear to have any organic disease."
MR. COSTIGAN—"To be shore, there's no organic disease. It's a blamed ould pianny that's killin' her."

MRS. ROONEY—"D'yez hear me darter Katie playing 'Dolly Gray' on th' pianny?"
MRS. KELLY—"So it's playing 'Dolly Gray' she is now; shure, she's played all th' neighbors gray two months agone!"

A MATCHLESS PAIR.

[*Scene—A model Hotel*]

TRAVELER—"What have you done with my boots?"
GREEN ISLANDER—"Bedad, it's meself that doesn't know, ser—there's a gintleman beyont there that's jist made the same complaint; he says he's got a pair of odd fellows too."

LIMITED SPACE.

MR. MOONEY (*speaking thickly*)—"Yis; Oi have a very bad gold id be dose dis day, Missis Brannigan."
MRS. BRANNIGAN (*consolingly, as she notices the size of his nose*)—"Be aisey, Mr. Mooney, it'll not amount to much."

ALL THAT WAS NEEDED.

CASSIDY—"Wudn't yez loike t' live on a farrm, Pat?"
CASEY—"Oh, ut's th' only way t' live! Ef they only hod ilivated roads, cable-carrs, plinty av saloons, concert-halls, timmint-houses, dirt, noise and polacemin on a farrm Oi'd move onto a farrm to-morrow."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

CASEY—"Finnigan's drunk an' singin' 'God save th' king.'"
COSTIGAN—"Yis. Th' lobshter 's had leanin's toward royalty iver since he had a gold *crown* put in his tooth."

SAVING HIS STRENGTH.

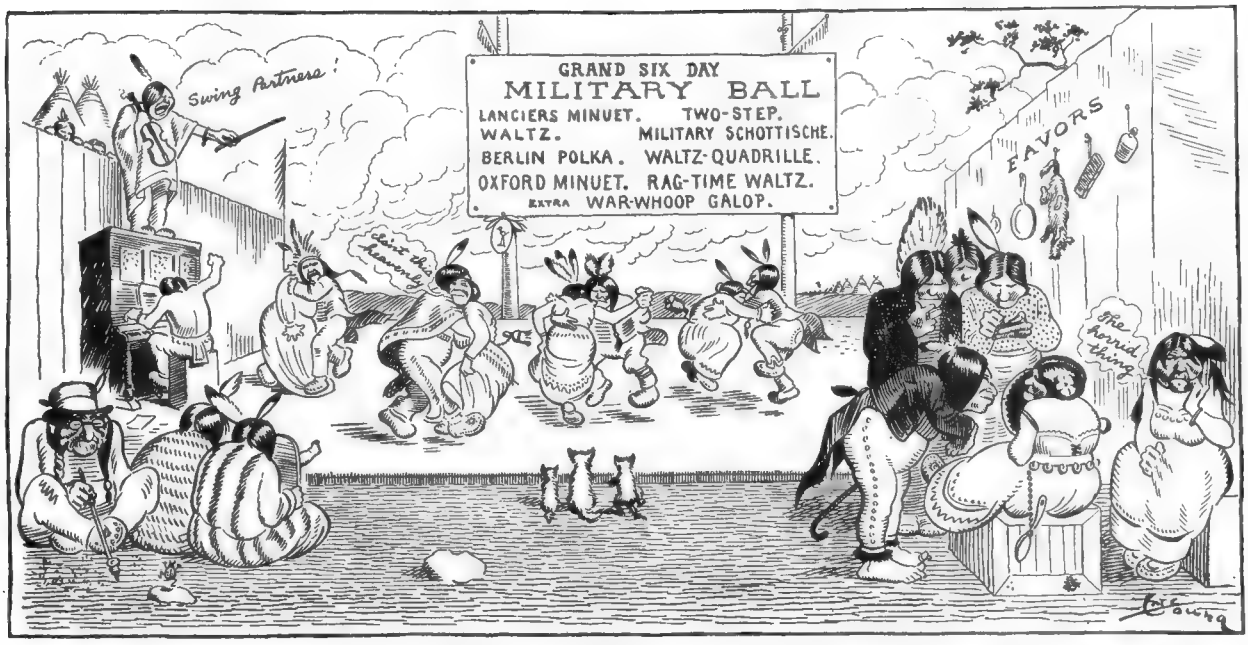
CASEY—"Did ye go over t' see Kelly lasht night?"
COSTIGAN—"Oi did not. After Oi'd walked two-thirds av th' way Oi was too toired t'go a shtep further, so Oi turned round an' walked back home again."

THE DIFFERENCE.

PAT—"I say, Dutchy! Phat's the difference bechune a man wid a cold in his head and Jim Jeffries?"
HANS—"Ach! Vun off dem has someding in his het unt der udder vun has not."
PAT—"No, Dutchy; yer 'way off. Wan ov thim blows his nose and the other wan knows his blows!"

MARVELOUSLY ECCENTRIC.

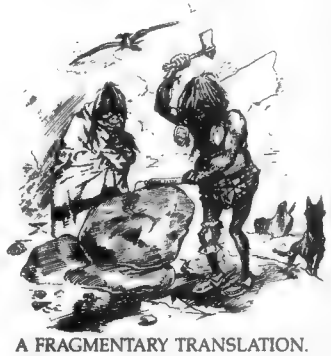
CAHILL—"Oi hod two brothers thot niver voted the Dimmycratic ticket in their loives."
COSTIGAN—"They most hov bin blame queer."
CAHILL—"They was! Wan av thim died coming over and the other wan niver lift Oireland."



THE INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION ON THE WAR-DANCE.

FROM CAT-FISH TO QUE; OR, THE EVOLUTION OF A HEATHEN.

A FRIEND IN-KNEED.



A FRAGMENTARY TRANSLATION.
WEEPING JUG(*who has found a dynamite cartridge from the Alaska expedition*)—"Heap good brown sugar, my Wish-Wish. Me half, you half."

The arrival five minutes later.

AN OLD GAME.
THE VICTIMS—"This is not a square game."
THE EXECUTIONER—"Certainly not. 'Heads I win and tails you lose.'"

Grossly Exaggerated

Oy! Giffs de Comic Woild Of Milt Gross!

Milt Gross (1895-1953) was one of the most prolific and inventive of comic-strip creators. He was responsible for two dozen strips, nearly a dozen books, comic-book work, and even movie scripts. He worked in animation with the Bray Studios and was a guest on radio comedy shows. Although he began his strip work with Hearst, it was as a cartoonist and columnist for the *New York World* in the glory days of the 1920s that he made his biggest mark.

Gross started to write dialect stories about the Feitelbaum family and other denizens of a Bronx apartment building presumably like the one where he was born (a childhood friend grew up to be the gangster Dutch Schultz). The collective title of these stories was *Nize Baby*, and in 1926 they were collected in book form, and the next year became a Sunday comic page. Other books, and other strips, followed along this formula . . . and Gross's work became wildly popular.

Not all of his work was in dialect; many strips, in the traditions of Opper and Goldberg, dealt with mankind's inconsistencies and hypocrisies. And one crowning achievement of Gross didn't rely on *any* words: *He Done her Wrong*, the Great American Novel told all in pictures. But his most memorable, and valuable, work was the dialect humor, providing not only great cartoon art for the ages, but affectionate Tradition between the funny lines. In his columns, cartoons, and strips, we have today a comically authentic portrait of Jewish immigrants, if not in their manic portrayals, then at least in what they laughed at courtesy of one of their own native sons, Milt Gross.

—*REM*

NIZE BABY

BABY ATE OPP ALL DE PILLS—ISIDOR BECOMES A CHOLLY CHEPMAN

Second Floor—Did we hev excitement lest night in de houze, Mrs. Feitlebaum!——Was almost by us a calumnity!

First Floor—What was?

Second Floor—Hm! What was, she esks!! I tut what we'll gonna hev to call a nembulence!

First Floor—Iy-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!! WHAT WASS???

Second Floor—What was? Mine woister enemies shouldn't hev it! De baby ate opp all de pills!!

First Floor—Iy-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi! DE PILLS! He ate opp????

Second Floor—Yeh, de pills. I was stending, pilling potatoes, und was falling on the floor de potato pills. Und he was cripping on the floor so he ate opp all de pills!!!!

First Floor—De potato pills he ate!! Yi-yi-yi-yi-yi—Und what did you did?

Second Floor—I ran queeck in de medicine chest, und I took out a box peels—und I gave him queeck a pill he should take. Und now he's filling motch better.

Third Floor—So, Isidor!!! Benenas you swipe from de pushcar'; ha? (SMACK) A Cholly Chepman you'll grow opp, maybe, ha? (SMACK!!) I'll give you. (SMACK!) Do I (SMACK!) svipe? (SMACK!!) Does de momma (SMACK!!!) svipe? (SMACK!!!) From who you loin dis? (SMACK!)

Fourth Floor—Well, she's forty if she's a day—and you oughta see her mornings—and her permanent wave! Huh—she musta got it carryin' wash baskets around on her head. What, me worry? ME? I ain't givin' her a thought, Mrs. Klepner, I assure you. Huh! Far be it from me to talk behind people's backs. Whatever's on my mind I come out with—you know that, Mrs. Klepner—but if I was that woman's husband—Although he's no bargain, either. Didn't we trip over him in the vestibule the other night?—And they owe the whole town—Sh! Here comes the ice man. Tell him you didn't see me. (SLAM)

Courtyard—(*Enter bum, singing*).

'Ave you 'eard of Kitty Ketchum,
(*Takes hat off.*)
Victim of a rich man's gime—
(*Looks up hopefully.*)
'Ow she ran awaye to Lun'non?
(*Holds up hat.*)
Isn't it a bloomin' shime!!!
(*Nothing drops into hat.*)
'Ere is 'im wiv all 'is money,
(*Waves hat.*)
Goes wiv 'er as is so poor,
(*Windows shut.*)
Keepin' 'er from 'er rely-shuns!

. . . . . .

OY ELI—EL-I—EEEEEEE! EL-I-EEEEE—

(*Windows open, shower of nickels, dimes, quar—pennies. Two salamis and one old suit fall down.*)

Second floor—Oohoo! OOHOO! Wachtable Man!!! OO-HOO! Wachtable man!! YOO-HOO! What you got?

Basement—I gotta . . . honions . . . stringa binz . . . speenich . . . grappa frootz . . . pineopples . . . preena pep . . . cucumbs . . . swede potates . . . musharooms . . . stroomberries . . . cabbages . . . You like maybe nice carrotz . . . collyflows . . . aggplantz . . . radeesh . . . sporragoos? Nice-a plooms . . . pitches . . . bananz.

Second Floor—Hm! Never mind. I teenk, what I'll cook batter epricots mitt stoot proonz.

ISIDOR DEEDN'T TOOK DE CESTEROIL

Third Floor—So, Isidor—Again you was by dot bum in de houze (SMACK!) You shouldn't go (SMACK) by dot bum (SMACK) in de house (SMACK!!) Weendows you break, ha? (SMACK!) Wot I gotta (SMACK) pay for it (SMACK). A baseball fighter you'll grow opp, maybe (SMACK). I'll tich you (SMACK) a lesson (SMACK!) (Morris! Morris!! sh-h! sh!! It's a shame for de neighbors) SHARROP!! I'll geeve him (SMACK). Dot bum (SMACK!) Dot he'll grow opp (SMACK) a respectable poison!!

Fourth Floor—Oohoo!! Oohoo! Hiceman! Oohoo! Hiceman! Send me opp a piece ice.

Basement—How much?

Fourth Floor—For tan cents—a piece hice.

Basement—Owww! Well, kin ya beat dat fer a noive! Wow! Dis zis gittin' t' be a swell racket. I'm tinkin' o' trowin' away me pick and buyin' a nutcracker—an' a sugar tongs. Hey! Wot's de idea? Somebody makin' a highball up dere? A ten-cent hunk of ice!! Woddayuze do, keep yer old cloes in the ice box up dere? A fine racket dis it toinin' out t' be. Dey'll be wantin' ya ta call for dere stuff an' keep it in d' wagon for dem next!!!

Third floor—So, Isidor—you didn't took de cestor oil, ha? (SMACK!!) You promised me you'll gonna took it and you didn't took it, ha? (SMACK!) Is dissa system?? (SMACK!!!)

Voice from first floor—So you had last night a wooden wadding, Mrs. Feitlebaum—?

Third Floor—To-morrow you'll took de cestor oil, ha? (SMACK!!) All day long you prectising with a coffee grinder to be a motorman, ha!! Better you should prectice witt a feedle, ha? (SMACK!!!)

Voice from basement—GARBAGE?

Chorus—NO! DON'T WANT ANY!

ISIDOR HAS AN ARITHBETIC EXAPPLE—LOOY, DOT DOPE, IS TROO

First Floor—Isidor F.—Baba, do by arithbetic exapple for be?

Mr. F.—Aha! Examples I should do you alrady, ha? So like dees you'll be promutted, ha? A whole day lung he lays, dot goot for notting, in de school wot he's making dere speetzballs, odder Halger books he's ridding instat he should pay attention de titcher so it comes de night time so he geeves me I should makes exemples (SMACK). Tommorror (SMACK) dey'll tell you you should say a peaze—so you'll call me I should ritzite for you in de front from de cless yat maybe "Bob-Hair Freetchie"—ha? (SMACK.) Odder you'll be a dantist so'll come in a costemer witt a tootache in de faze so you'll come to me I should pull heem out de toot, ha? Deed I esked mine fodder he should make me exemples? When I was in you age—

Looy—Adda boy, tell em how ya lassooed all the mosquitoes in County Kriminchook.

Mr. F.—Aha! You're here, dope?? Some-

body sant for you?? Gerradahere queeck odder I'll geeve you witt de book in de had, beeg as you are! Noo, goot-for-notting, where is de exemple??

Isidor—Here—Bissus Sbith has twetty-seved cows, ad Bissus Burphy has twicet as beddy chickeds as Farber Browd's hed lays eggs. Dow, if wud-half of the dubber of pails of bilk that Bissus Sbith's cows give cost seved tibes as buch as wud-teth as buch as Bissus Burphy's chickeds cost per poud—how buch bore would Farber Browd ge for a duzzed eggs if three tibes the dubber of calfs that Bissus Sbith's cows had was equal to wud ad wud-teth tibes bore thad the dubber of words that Bissus Burphy's chickeds catch id twetty-four hours, if each chicked catches seved ad a half worbs id three biddits ad ted secods?

Mr. F.—Um-hmmmmmmm!! Mmm—Hmm! Um hmmmmm!! Hmm-Mmm!!! Lat's we'll see, Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows! Is no?? So hex hiquills a cow!! So—Hmmmm-m—lat's we'll geeve a—

Looy—Nope, they ain't no answers in the back of the book, pop!

Mr. F.—Somebody hesked you a hopinion, dope? Gerradahere queeck odder I'll— So if it lays itch han a hagg—mm—wait—gimme witt de tootpeecks—So itch tootpeeck raprisants a cheecken—So now we'll gonna—

Looy—Wait a minnit, I'll call up the lumber yard and gitcha some tootpicks.

Mr. F.—Why you should call opp a lomber yod? Take batter hout from you domb had wot it's fool from wood.

Mrs. F.—Looy go way, you shouldn't annoying de papa!!

Looy—Who's annoying im? I'm helpin im—

Mr. F.—So seex witt a hate ploss fife times fur witt trickwodders, how much it feegures?

Looy—See next week's Red Magic!! Ha ha!!! I think I'll getcha to figger up me next year's income tax fer me, pop—ha ha! 'At's a hot one! Me income tax!!! Air inspector fer Street, Walker & Co.!!!

Mrs. F.—Dope, sharrop alrady—

Mr. F.—Hm-m-m-m! Tree-feefts from a cheecken—Moltiply by feefty-sex witt a heff woims—So it hiquills—Hm-m—wait. Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows—so it diwides de—mm-mm—hex ploss why—ploss—mm—itch cow—mm—hedded opp witt a dozen haggs, so is—mm—WAIT—Meesus Smeet hez twenteh-savan cows—

Looy—Stick wid it, pop. When ya git done, go out and ketch me thoity-five raindrops!!! Ha ha!

Mrs. F.—Shhhh! Kipp closed alrady de fullish mout.

Mr. F.—So seex wit savan it hedds opp toiteen—

Looy—Hooray!!! Fine, kid!!! Ya oughta do an act on Loew's wit de Chinaman 'at guesses numbers blindfolded.

CRASH!!!!!

Mrs. F.—Deedn't I told you!

Looy—Awright—'at settles it—I'm troo witt dis house. He can't sock me witt no book, an' git away wid it! this ain't the Dutch Army, y'know! This is a free country! I don't hafta stay here an' stand fer 'at stuff. I kin git a room!!! I'll show 'im—

Isidor—Baba—Did you fide de answer, yet?

Mr. F.—(SMACK)!!!! A queeck soivice you want, ha—?? (SMACK) A rabid fire hedding machine I bicame all from a sodden, ha? (SMACK) Deed I gave you (SMACK) a wreeten gerrentee (SMACK) wot I'll gonna deleever it to you (SMACK) prowmptilly? (SMACK) De henswer (SMACK) I know lung ago! Bot I want wot you (SMACK) goot-for-notting—you should feegure heem hout yousalf, for you own goot—(SMACK)!!!

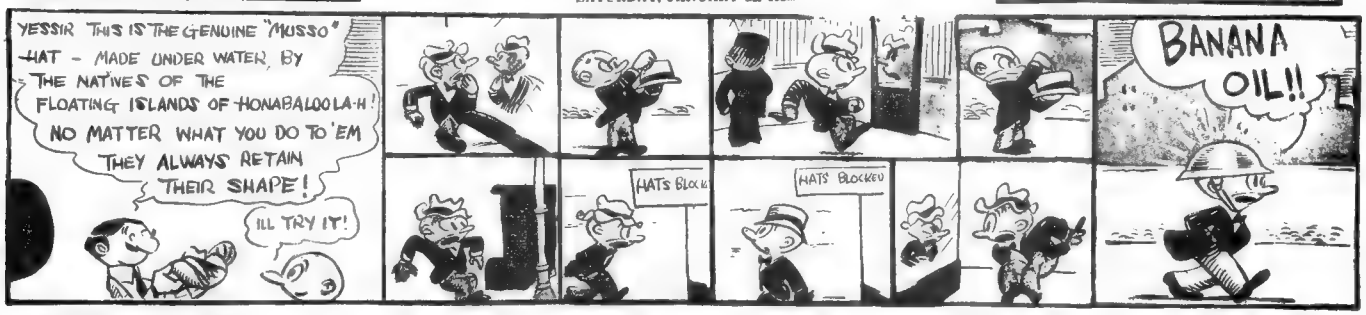
Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de had!!!

COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1928.

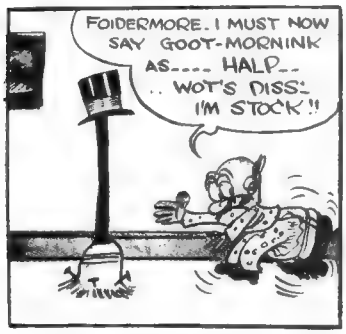
3 CENTS

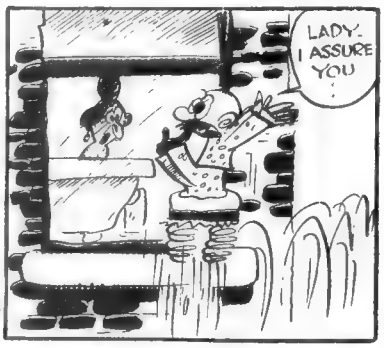

YESSIR THIS IS THE GENUINE "MUSSO" HAT - MADE UNDER WATER BY THE NATIVES OF THE FLOATING ISLANDS OF HONABALOOLA-H! NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO 'EM THEY ALWAYS RETAIN THEIR SHAPE!
ILL TRY IT!
HATS BLOCKED
HATS BLOCKED
BANANA OIL!!

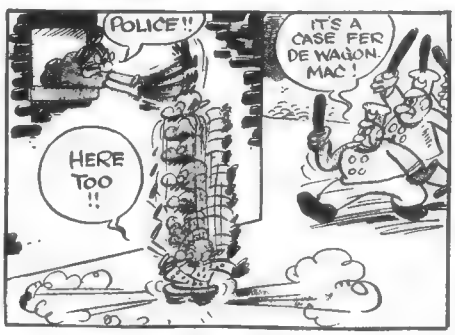
NIZE BABY

Trade Mark. 1928. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross







COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1928.

3 CENTS

ENTREES. I GOTTA SPEND TIME MAKING AND THEN YOUR BUM FRIEND DON'T SHOW UP FOR DINNER
CHICKENS. I COOK ALL MORNING AND HE CALLS OFF THE DATE!
TEA. I GOTTA PREPARE AND HE DISSAPPOINTS US!
SAUCE. I GOTTA MAKE AND THEN YOUR BUM FRIEND CHANGES HIS MIND!
OH. I'M SO SORRY. MRS BLUB. AND ESPECIALLY AFTER YOU GOING TO ALL THE TROUBLE. BUT IT'S ABSOLUTELY UN----
NOT AT ALL MR HIMMELDINGER I DON'T MIND THE COOKING A BIT.. IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE SORRY TO BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR COMPANY!
BANANA OIL
MILT GROSS

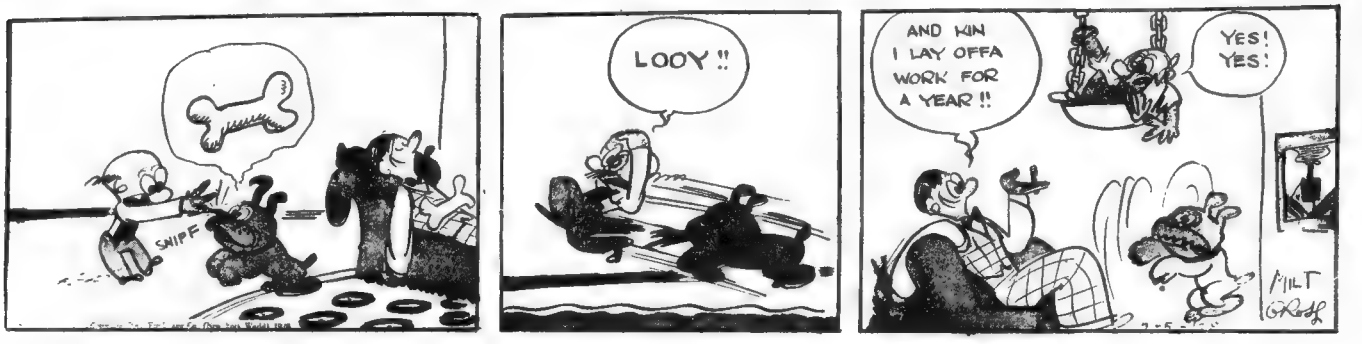
NIZE BABY

Trade Mark, 1928, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

By Milt Gross

PALS YOUR LOOY BECAME WITT A DOG MRS FEITLEBAUM
HM. UND YOU SHOULD SEE TROUBLE IT MAKES FOR MINE MORRIS
CHEER UP POP. I'M GETTIN' HIM USED TO YA!!
I'LL GIVE YOU DOPE. GRRR. DE DOG TOO!
GRRR
ONCE WITT FOR ALL. I'LL GIVE HIM DOT DOIDY DOG !!!
GRRR. YOU DOG YOU!!

HM.. I'LL RETIRE SOON FROM YOU. FEITLEBAUM!
DOT. DOG DOT DOIDY ONE. I'LL SCHEME UP A TRAP !!
I'LL FIX DEM
AHA A BONE HE'S GOT... UND DE DOPE SLEEPS.. HO BOY



COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1928.

3 CENTS

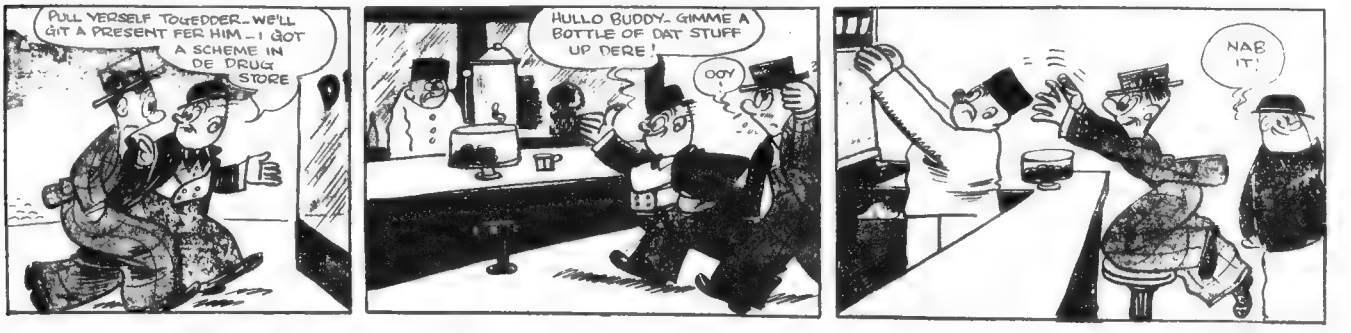
DO TRY THIS CAKE, MRS JONES, I MADE IT MYSELF!
MADE IT HERSELF HUH· SINCE WHEN'S SHE A SCULPTOR?
SMELLS LIKE A LAMB STEW — IN AUGUST
NO YOU CAN'T I DON'T WANT YOU LAID UP SICK
ITS ONLY A STALL TO SMOKE UP A TOUCH!
GO TO IT FIDO--- THEY'LL BE IN TO BORROW THE VACUM CLEANER TOMORROW
IT WAS JUST SIMPLY WONDERFUL MRS BLOOF WE ALL ENJOYED IT AND THOUGHT IT WAS SO KIND OF YOU.. ETC
BANANA OIL!

NIZE BABY

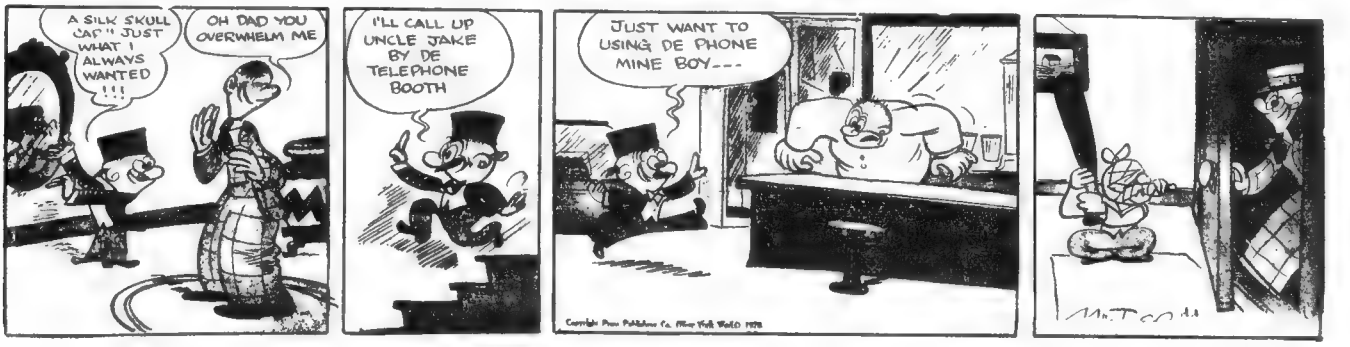
Trade Mark, 1925, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross

LOOY TODAY IS POPPAS BOITHDAY SO WE ALL CHIPPING IN FOR A GIFT— ME WITT ISIDORE WITT YOU!
I'LL BUY IT!!
LEAVE IT TO ME MOM— WID MY DISCRIMINATIN' TASTE I'M A WALKIN' GIFT SHOP
I'LL LIFT IT SIX BITS
I'LL LOOK !!
SIX BETTER !!
JUDGE DUFFY!! READ 'EM AN' WEEP !!!
I'M RUINED !!!


PULL YERSELF TOGEDDER— WE'LL GIT A PRESENT FER HIM— I GOT A SCHEME IN DE DRUG STORE
HULLO BUDDY— GIMME A BOTTLE OF DAT STUFF UP DERE!
OOY!
NAB IT!

HE HAD MOIDER IN HIS EYE!
I GOT A EMPTY HAT BOX HOME!
AH!!!— CONGRATULATIONS DAD— AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS ACCEPT OUR JOINT GIFT— A SLIGHT TOKEN--
THIS BEAUTIFUL SLIK SKULLCAP WITH BEST WISHES FROM MOTHER ISIDORE AND ME!!
GUDGEOUS !!!

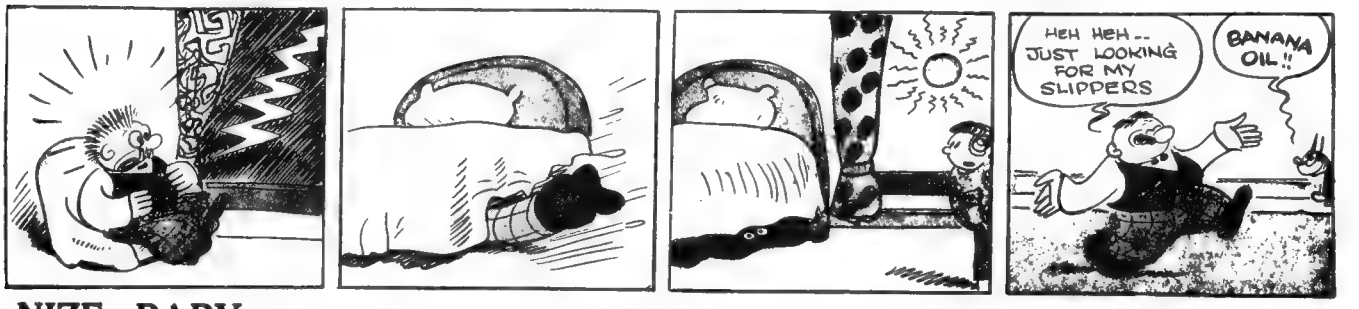

A SILK SKULL CAP!! JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED !!!
OH DAD YOU OVERWHELM ME
I'LL CALL UP UNCLE JAKE BY DE TELEPHONE BOOTH
JUST WANT TO USING DE PHONE MINE BOY---

COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1928.

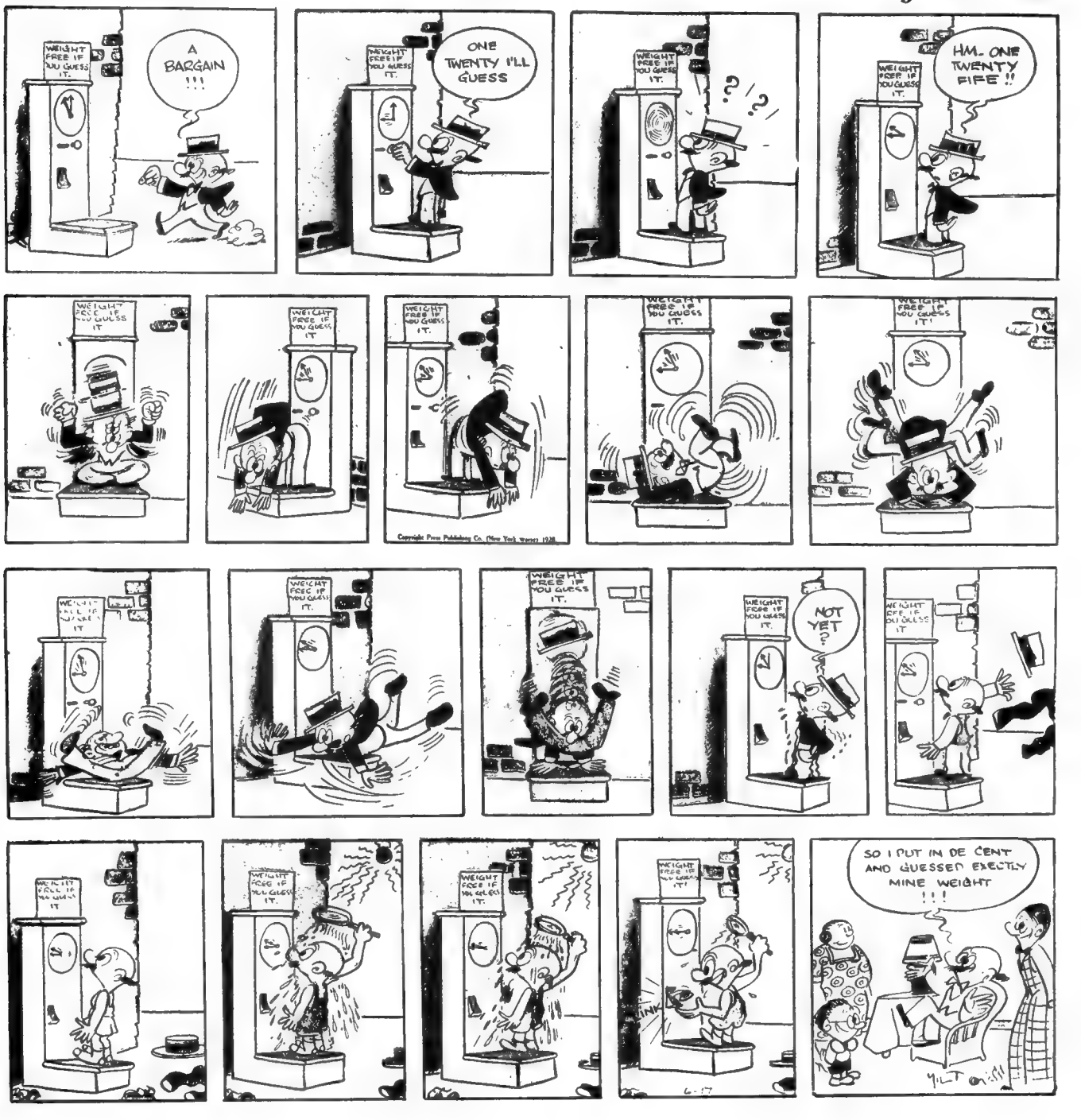
3 CENTS



NIZE BABY

Trade Mark, 1928, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross


WEIGHT FREE IF YOU GUESS IT.
A BARGAIN !!!
ONE TWENTY I'LL GUESS
? ? ?
HM- ONE TWENTY FIFE !!
NOT YET
SO I PUT IN DE CENT AND GUESSED EXCTLY MINE WEIGHT !!!
MILT GROSS
Copyright Press Publishing Co. (New York Evening World) 1928.

COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

3 CENTS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1928

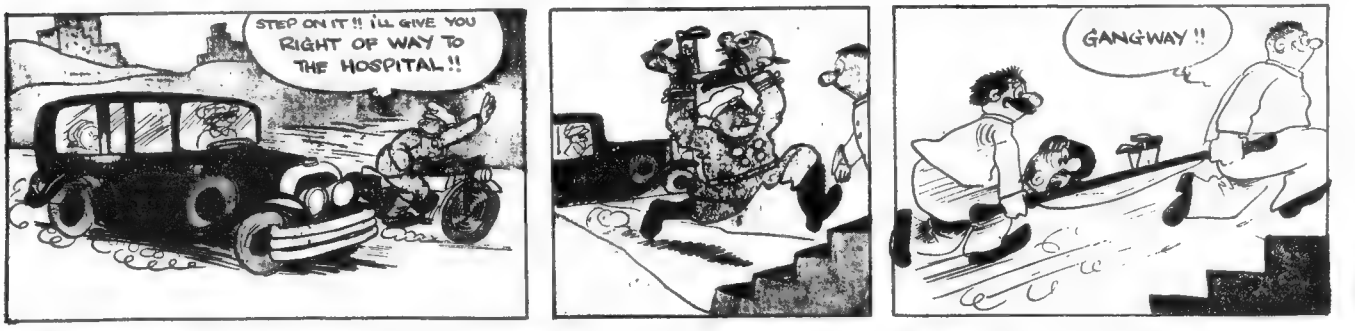
DAVY PARSONS— IN WHAT YEAR DID BALBOA DISCOVER AMERICA?
EXCUSE ME TEACHER, BUT WASN'T IT COLUMBUS WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?
ER- UMPH- AHEM- AH- CORRECT! —YOU SEE—
I PURPOSELY ASKED IT WRONG TO SEE IF YOU'D CATCH IT !!
BANANA OIL!!

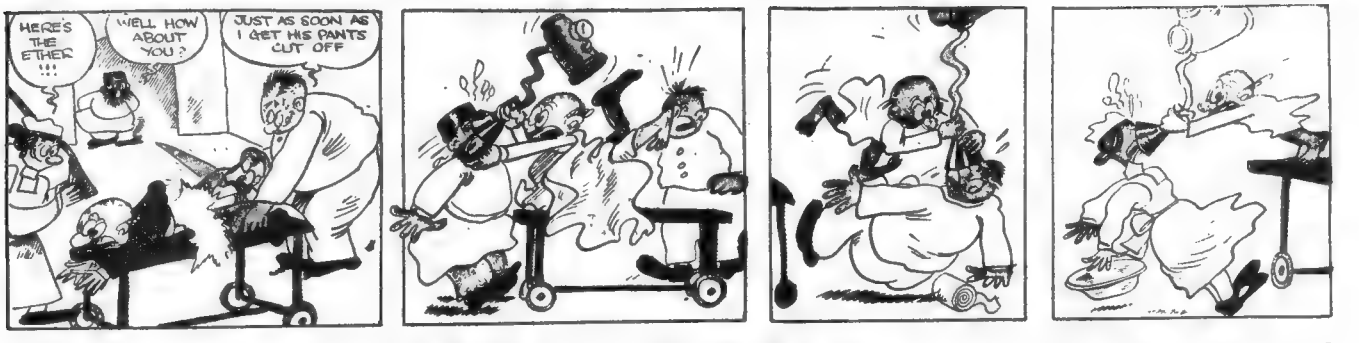
NIZE BABY

Trade Mark, 1928, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross

SO YOU HAVE TO SPEED HA DOPE? WHAT WE'LL GET IT SUMMONSES !!!
HM- NOW YOU SETISFIED HA? WHAT IT'S A COP IN DE BACK!
SH!!! KEEP YER EQUILLIBRIUM JIST LAY FLAT IN DE BACK SEAT AN' MOAN
SEE DAT- RUSH CASE OF APPENDICITIS OFFICER





COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1923

3 CENTS

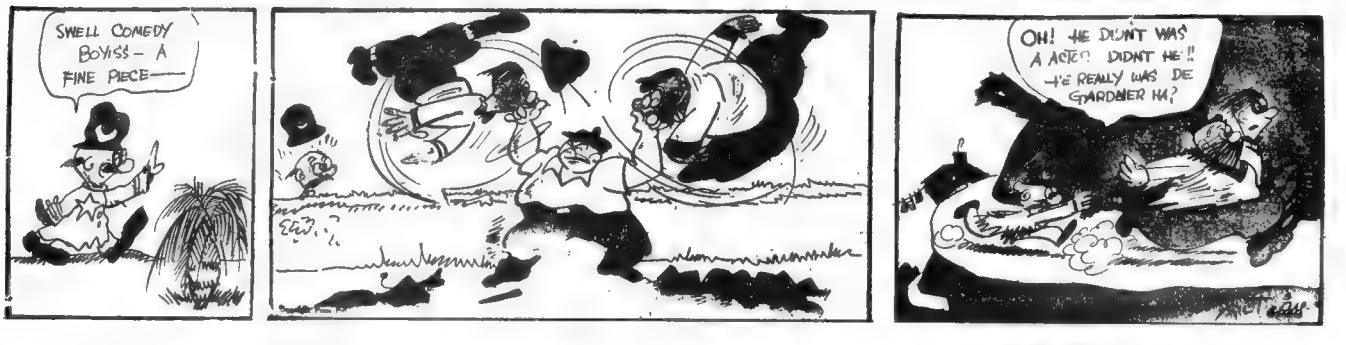
NIZE BABY

Trade Mark, 1923, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross

WOOPS HERE'S A JOINT WID A HEDGE! OK SET UP THE CAMERA!
NOW WAIT POP, WE NEED A GAG- SOMETHING FUNNY WID THE HEDGE - WHERE'S OUR GAG MAN!
LET ME THINK - NOW- WHAT DID THEY HAVE IN STELLA DALLAS?

O BOY- WE GOT A GREAT PIECE OF BUSINESS YOU STAND IN FRONT OF DE HEDGE AN CHASE A IMAGINARY BUNCH OF KIDS-- GREAT GAG!
GET OUT FROM HERE YOU!!!
GREAT, KEEP YELLIN!
????
GET OUT FROM HERE YOU!!



COMIC SECTION

The Bulletin

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1928

3 CENTS

NIZE BABY

Trade Mark, 1928, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Milt Gross

CHOLLY CHEPLIN I'LL INVITE - DOGGLAS FAIRBANKS I'LL INVITE = MERRY PICKFORD I'LL - - - - - HM... WILL IT BE A PARTY!!
WRITE DOWN SO DE INVITATIONS = FEITLECREST BY DE SEA (FORMERLY HOME FROM GLORIA SWANSON) REQUESTS BY DE PLEASURE_OOPS DE BELL
HM! WHATS ALL THIS?
DIS WAY HENRY

REMEMBER JOLLIKINS SO SOON WOT IT ENTERS A GUEST YOU'LL ANNOUNCE HIM DE NAME
MR. J. WHIFFLEBACKER COHEN AND WIFE
HM!
DON HAIRY SINGE AND LEOPARD!

AHA!! TRACK PRINTS I SMELL GRADUALLY A ANIMAL FROM A RAT NATURE!
JUST A FEW LEFT FOLKS
BOX LUNCH 20¢
FEITLEBAUM ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN

A Landmark Black Comic Strip

Torchy Brown

Jackie Ormes, creator of Torchy Brown.

A comic strip about a Black heroine raised in the South, facing all sorts of ills from racial prejudice to rape attempts; travelling north ultimately to appear at Harlem's Cotton Club; involved in assorted adventures, including battling environmental pollution . . . it sounds tailor-made, and the product of, the hip 1980s.

In fact these are the premises and preoccupations of *Torchy Brown*, a remarkable and forgotten comic strip by one of the medium's most remarkable and neglected talents. Most remarkable, Zelda "Jackie" Ormes drew the exciting newspaper strip in the 1930s and again in the 1950s, long before the issues addressed in the strip—much less the premise and themes—were fashionable. And she was America's most successful female Black cartoonist.

Jackie Ormes was born Zelda Jackson in 1918 in Pittsburgh. In her youth she was a cub reporter for the Black newspaper the *Pittsburgh Courier* and by the time she graduated from high school (where she served as editor-in-chief and art director of the yearbook), she was a respected boxing reporter; in later years she was a columnist and cartoonist for the *Chicago Defender*.

"I worked in a newspaper office and I read everything that was in the paper," Ormes once remembered. "Now there was a lot of news in the *Courier* about segregation and such, but these things never made it into the comics. They didn't deal with it at all. Me, I was always fighting battles. I was anti-war, I was anti-everything that's smelly."

In 1937 Ormes began her 28-year cartooning career with *Torchy Brown from Dixie to Harlem*, which ran until 1940. It began as a pretty-girl strip, an attractive Black version of the type of work being produced by Neil Brinkley, Ethel Hays, and Gladys Parker—but the preoccupations eventually changed from frothy humor to serious storylines. In the mid-1940s she drew *Candy*, and in 1946 she created *Patty-Jo 'n' Ginger*, her longest feature (running until 1965) which inspired her Black character doll Patty-Jo, the very first such doll on the market. Between 1950 and 1955 Ormes resurrected Torchy in *Torchy Brown in Heartbeats*, a Sunday page in color.

Ormes's later work ran in the *Pittsburgh Courier*, one of the nation's prominent Black-owned newspapers, and was syndicated to 14 other papers through America. Given the segregated state of journalism through her career, and the fact that few libraries subscribed to, or saved, Black newspapers, Jackie Ormes's work is virtually inaccessible to scholars and fans today. Around 1965, because of rheumatoid arthritis, Ormes was forced to retire from cartooning (although she continued to earn money from the Patty-Jo dolls as well as her work in fashion promotion). She did, however, maintain her work for Black causes and with charities. She died the last week of 1985.

After Ormes's death her sister Mrs. Delores Towles wrote that she thought of Jackie Ormes as "a sculptor who took the presumptions of this world—that whites are better than blacks, men are better than women, and suffering always follows love—and rearranged them to suit her spirit."

Ormes herself had once said, "When women's lib came along, I said, 'It's about time!' I thought it was a good thing and I was always for it. A lot of men are wonderful—wonderful to work with—but they just presume to be on top." On her own strip, *Torchy Brown*, she described her heroine in a strip that was not "some kind of mushy soap opera": "Torchy was no moonstruck crybaby, and she wouldn't perish between heartbreaks. I have never liked dreamy little women who can't hold their own."

Following is the first publication in more than 35 years of a surprising, forgotten strip gem, *Torchy Brown* by Jackie Ormes. —*REM*

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND HAS GONE TO THE LITTLE SOUTHERN TOWN OF SOUTHVILLE TO BECOME THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. SO SHE MAY JOIN HIM QUICKLY, TORCHY DECIDES TO ENROLL FOR A NURSE'S AIDE COURSE. AND NOW, AT THE MEDICAL ACADEMY----
PROFESSOR BOWEN...?
YES... I'M PROFESSOR BOWEN!
JACKIE ORMES
I'M TORCHY BROWN, PROFESSOR. PAUL HAMMOND SAID HE SPOKE TO YOU ABOUT ME.
OH, YES-- YES, OF COURSE! COME IN, MY DEAR!
AT ONCE THE LITTLE MAN'S WARMTH PUT THE GIRL AT EASE AND IN MINUTES SHE WAS TALKING WITH HIM LIKE AN OLD FRIEND. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE PAUL HAD LEFT, HER HEART KNEW SOMETHING BESIDES LONELY YEARNING....
SO YOU AND PAUL ARE IN LOVE! YES--- HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT!
VERY MUCH IN LOVE, PROFESSOR! THAT'S WHY I MUST GO DOWN TO HIM NOT AS A BURDEN BUT AS A HELP!
YES-- HE'LL NEED ALL THE HELP HE CAN GET THERE!
SOMETHING IN THE PROFESSOR'S WORDS, SOMETHING GRIM AND FLAT, MADE TORCHY FROWN IN PUZZLEMENT. BUT THEN, HE WAS SHOWING HER FROM THE ROOM, TAKING HER DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO ANOTHER DESK AND-----
WHY, CERTAINLY, PROFESSOR. WELCOME, MISS BROWN!
MRS. GOVERN, THIS IS MISS BROWN. SHE'S ENROLLED IN THE NURSE'S AIDE COURSE. WILL YOU OUTFIT HER WITH THE PROPER BOOKS AND STUDY EQUIPMENT?

Courtesy Mrs. D. Towles

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND HAS GONE TO A LITTLE SOUTHERN TOWN TO BECOME RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. SO SHE MAY HELP HIM, TORCHY TAKES A NURSE'S AIDE COURSE AT THE MEDICAL ACADEMY AND NOW, AFTER GRADUATION....
AND NOW, TORCHY BROWN--- NOW YOU GO TO JOIN PAUL, EH?
YES, PROFESSOR --- AS FAST AS I CAN!
JACKIE ORMES
THANK YOU FOR SMOOTHING THE WAY HERE FOR ME, PROFESSOR. I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT!
IT WAS NOTHING, MY CHILD. GODSPEED TO YOU AND REMEMBER ME TO PAUL!
SO IT IS THAT BUT A FEW HOURS LATER, BAGS PACKED AND HEART ALIVE WITH HAPPINESS, A SLIM FIGURE STOOD AT THE TICKET WINDOW OF THE RAILROAD TERMINAL.....
ONE TICKET TO SOUTHVILLE, PLEASE.
WE STOP ONLY AT FERRIS. YOU CAN TAKE A BUS THERE TO SOUTHVILLE. HERE YOU ARE.
BUT A SHORT TIME AFTER, THE RHYTHMIC CLICKATY-CLACK OF TRAIN WHEELS LULLED THE GIRL TO SLEEP, TO DREAM OF LOVE AND ECSTACY!
BUT IS THE TRAIN, ROARING THROUGH THE NIGHT, CARRYING TORCHY TO HAPPINESS? OR WILL SHE FIND ONLY BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT? CONT'D NEXT WEEK!
SOUTH

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR HAMMOND HAS GONE TO A LITTLE SOUTHERN TOWN TO BECOME RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. AFTER TAKING A NURSE'S AIDE COURSE, TORCHY JOURNEYS TO SOUTHVILLE TO JOIN PAUL AND NOW, AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SHE DREAMS DREAMS OF PRIDE AND LOVE.....
SOUTHVILLE CLINIC
Dr. Hammond, M.D.
MORNING SUN FINALLY WOKE THE SLEEPING GIRL AND THE TRAIN GROUND TO A HALT. THE FLAT, EMPTY EXPANSE OF A SMALL RAILROAD STATION GREETED HER, AS THE WEATHERBEATEN SIGN MOVED BY.....
JACK ORMES
FERRIS
FERRIS! THIS IS WHERE I TAKE A BUS FOR SOUTHVILLE, THE TICKET AGENT SAID!
SO, MOMENTS LATER, TORCHY STOOD ALONE ON THE LITTLE STATION AS THE TRAIN SPED AWAY.
THERE ARE NO BUSES HERE! IN FACT, THERE'S NOTHING!
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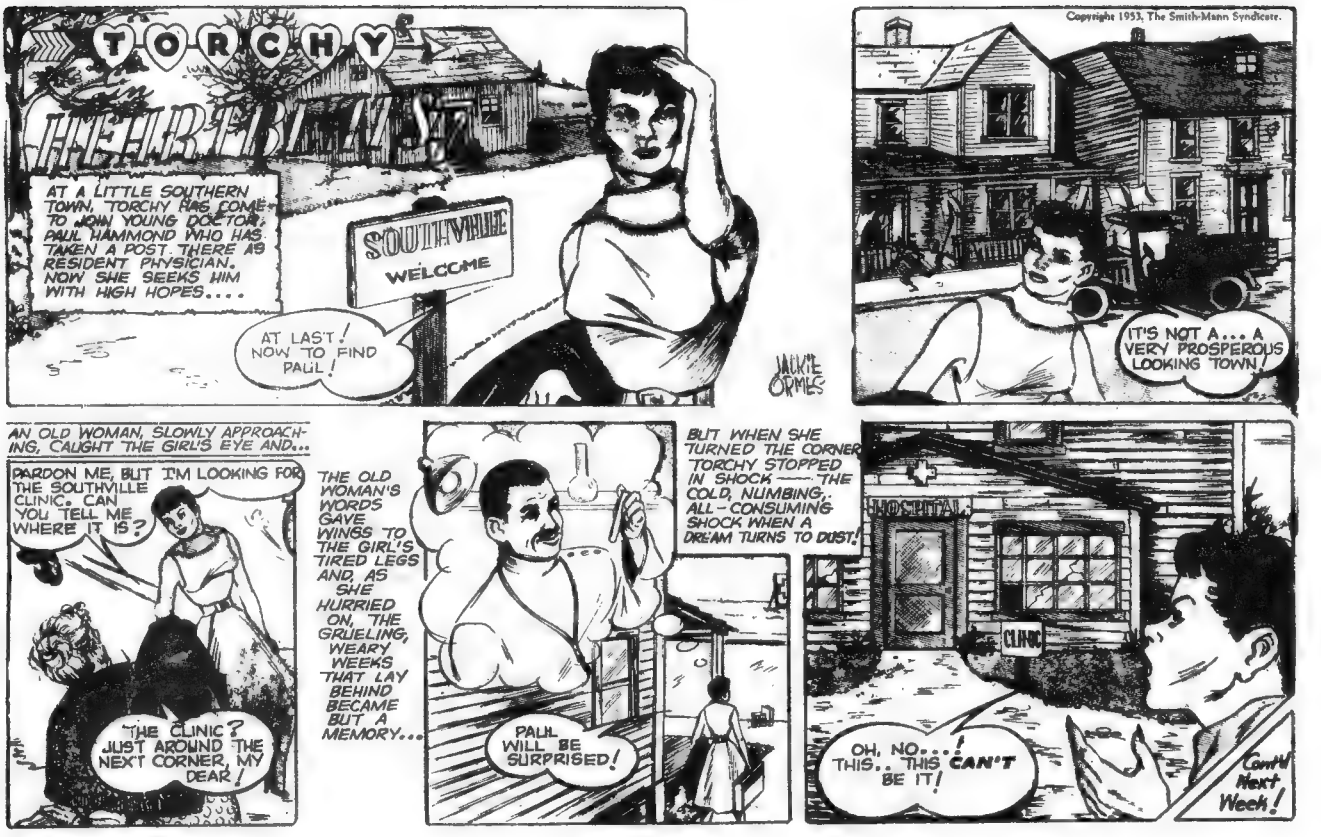
WELL, I GUESS I START WALKING!
SOON THE DRY DUST OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTRYSIDE COVERED THE GIRL'S SHOES AND THE SUN GREW HOTTER WITH EACH PASSING SECOND. SHE WAS HAPPY TO SEE THE FARM WAGON SLOWLY APPROACHING AND WHEN IT DREW ABREAST——

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR HAMMOND HAS GONE TO A LITTLE SOUTHERN TOWN TO BECOME RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. AFTER TAKING A NURSE'S AIDE COURSE, TORCHY JOURNEYS TO JOIN HIM AND NOW, ON A DUSTY SOUTHERN ROAD, SHE HALTS A PASSING FARMER.....
ARE YOU JOKIN', GIRLIE?
YES — DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND AT THE SOUTHVILLE CLINIC!
Copyright 1953, The Smith-Mann Syndicate.
JOKING..? WHY, NO!
RECKON YOU'RE NEW IN THESE PARTS, EH? THERE BE SOME FOLKS YE ASK ABOUT THET SAWBONES AND SOME YE DON'T!
JACK ORMES
WHY DON'T YE GO ASK COLONEL FULLER, HIMSELF? GIDDAP, THAR!
MY GRACIOUS! NOW WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
Cont'd next week!


TORCHY
HEARTBEAT
AT A LITTLE SOUTHERN TOWN, TORCHY HAS COME TO JOIN YOUNG DOCTOR, PAUL HAMMOND WHO HAS TAKEN A POST THERE AS RESIDENT PHYSICIAN. NOW SHE SEEKS HIM WITH HIGH HOPES....
SOUTHVILLE
WELCOME
AT LAST! NOW TO FIND PAUL!
JACKIE ORMES
Copyright 1953, The Smith-Mann Syndicate.
IT'S NOT A... A VERY PROSPEROUS LOOKING TOWN!
AN OLD WOMAN, SLOWLY APPROACHING, CAUGHT THE GIRL'S EYE AND...
PARDON ME, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR THE SOUTHVILLE CLINIC. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE IT IS?
THE CLINIC? JUST AROUND THE NEXT CORNER, MY DEAR!
THE OLD WOMAN'S WORDS GAVE WINGS TO THE GIRL'S TIRED LEGS AND, AS SHE HURRIED ON, THE GRUELING, WEARY WEEKS THAT LAY BEHIND BECAME BUT A MEMORY...
PAUL WILL BE SURPRISED!
BUT WHEN SHE TURNED THE CORNER TORCHY STOPPED IN SHOCK — THE COLD, NUMBING, ALL-CONSUMING SHOCK WHEN A DREAM TURNS TO DUST!
HOSPITAL
CLINIC
OH, NO...! THIS.. THIS CAN'T BE IT!
Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY
HEARTBEAT
IN SOUTHVILLE, TORCHY LEARNS THAT ALL-POWERFUL COLONEL FULLER, ENRAGED BECAUSE THE MEDICAL ACADEMY DID NOT SEND A YOUNG WHITE PHYSICIAN, FORCES PAUL TO USE THE OLD, ILL-EQUIPPED CLINIC AS TOWN RESIDENT PHYSICIAN, AND SO, NOW.....
WELL, DARLING, OLD EQUIPMENT IS ALL THE MORE REASON WHY YOU'LL NEED A COMPETENT ASSISTANT!
IT IS, HONEY... THAT IT IS!
COME WITH ME. I'VE GOT TO PAY A HOUSE CALL AT THE LEMSON PLACE. WE CAN TALK ON THE WAY.
THAT CAR, THERE, IS MINE. I NEED IT TO GET AROUND THE OUTLYING SECTIONS. BUT WE CAN WALK TO THE LEMSON PLACE... THROUGH THE WOODS. IT'S NOT FAR.
IN A FEW MINUTES, TORCHY FOUND HERSELF WALKING BESIDE PAUL THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE COOL WOODLAND. WITH PAUL'S HAND HOLDING HERS, HIS STRONG, TALL BODY ONCE AGAIN BESIDE HER, SHE COULD ALMOST FORGET THE HARSH REALITIES OF HATE AND BLIND PREJUDICE.... ....
ISN'T IT LOVELY HERE, PAUL? ... SO PEACEFUL!
YES--- I OFTEN WALK THROUGH THE WOODS. IT HELPS TAKE MY MIND FROM THIS WORLD OF PROBLEMS.

TORCHY in HEARTBEATS
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SOUTHVILLE WHERE SHE HAS COME TO AID YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND, TORCHY LEARNS THAT COLONEL FULLER, HEAD OF THE ALL-POWERFUL CHEMICAL PLANT, FORCES PAUL TO USE THE OLD, UNEQUIPPED CLINIC. BUT NOW PAUL SPEAKS STRANGE WORDS AS.....
YES, TORCHY... THE SPECTRE OF DEATH HOVERS OVER EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS COMMUNITY!
I--- I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PAUL
COME... THIS WAY! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
PAUL'S STRANGE WORDS WHIRLING ABOUT HER MIND, TORCHY SOON FOUND HERSELF BEFORE A SWIFT-FLOWING STREAM WHERE...
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, PAUL. THIS IS JUST A STREAM!
YES--- JUST A STREAM, A STREAM THAT SHOULD BE FILLED WITH PURE, CLEAN, SPRING WATER.
YOU SAY... SHOULD BE!
YES--- BUT IT ISN'T! THIS STREAM, LIKE ALL THE SOURCES OF WATER SUPPLY USED BY THE ENTIRE REGION, IS A STREAM OF SLOW POISON!
PAUL TURNED. TORCHY FOLLOWED HIS GAZE TO THE TALL TOWERS OF THE SPRAWLING FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT, A COLOSSUS IN THE HOT, MIDDAY SUN....
JACKIE ORMES
AND THERE IS THE REASON, TORCHY! WASTE DISPOSAL FROM THE CHEMICAL PLANT IS POISONING THE WATER... THE VERY GROUND OF THIS ENTIRE REGION!
AND, THROUGH THE WATER WHICH THEY DRINK, SWIM IN, BATHE IN AND USE FOR THEIR HOUSEHOLD CHORES, THE PEOPLE ARE SLOWLY, INSIDIOUSLY BEING POISONED... AND THEY DON'T KNOW IT!
AS PAUL CONTINUED, TORCHY FELT HER OWN HEART GROW COLD WITH REALIZATION OF THE FULL MEANING OF HIS WORDS!
Cont'd NEXT WEEK!

OH, PAUL, DARLING... ISN'T THERE SOME WAY TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST THIS COLONEL FULLER?
THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS, SWEETHEART... BUT NOT ALL OF THEM GOOD! THOUGH IT MAY SOUND STRANGE, THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE THAT NEEDS FIGHTING FIRST!
SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN A PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO LIVE DECENTY AS FREE CITIZENS?
LET'S SAY SOMETHING MORE IMMEDIATE, SHALL WE?
AFTER ALL, THE QUESTION OF FAIR TREATMENT AND EQUAL RIGHTS BECOMES ACADEMIC IF A MAN ISN'T GOING TO LIVE LONG!
PAUL! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
JACKIE ORMES
I'M SAYING THAT DEATH IS HOVERING OVER EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS ENTIRE COMMUNITY!
PAUL'S WORDS STRUCK AT THE GIRL LIKE THE BLOW OF A HUGE MALLET! HIS EYES SHOWED HOW DEEPLY SERIOUS HE WAS!
Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SOUTHVILLE WHERE SHE HAS COME TO AID YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND, TORCHY LEARNS THAT NOT ONLY MUST PAUL USE THE BAREST OF EQUIPMENT, BUT HE IS CONVINCED THAT WASTE DISPOSAL FROM THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT IS SLOWLY POISONING THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY.....
BUT, PAUL, ARE YOU SURE WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE?
ALMOST CERTAIN, TORCHY. I'LL HAVE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE SOON. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON TRYING TO BREAK DOWN THE BASIC STRUCTURE FROM BLOOD SAMPLES.
JACKIE ORMES
YOU SEE, THE POISON IS BEING ABSORBED IN SO MANY WAYS, SLOWLY SEEPING INTO THE PEOPLE THROUGH THE WATER THEY DRINK AND BATHE IN, THE FOOD THEY GROW, THAT AS YET THEY'RE NOT CONSCIOUS OF ANYTHING.
BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS THEY WILL BE... AND THEN IT'LL BE TOO LATE. BUT I'M WORKING ON THAT ANGLE, TOO. HOWEVER I MUST HAVE TIME... TIME TO EXPERIMENT FURTHER, TO ISOLATE THE POISON IN THE BLOOD.
I DON'T KNOW THAT, DARLING. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT ..AND PRAY!
BUT IS THERE TIME, PAUL?

PAUL LAPSED INTO SILENCE AND TORCHY WALKED QUIETLY BESIDE HIM, HER OWN MIND TURNING OVER THE SHATTERING PORTENT OF HIS WORDS. FINALLY THEY REACHED THE HUMBLE HOUSE OF THE LEMSON FAMILY, ONE OF PAUL'S CLINIC PATIENTS AND.....
JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW CLORINDA WAS DOING, MRS. LEMSON.
BETTER, DOCTOR HAMMOND ...MUCH BETTER. WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
MRS. LEMSON, THIS IS TORCHY BROWN. SHE'LL BE HELPING ME AT THE CLINIC AND MAKING SOME OF MY VISITS FOR ME.
HOW DO, MISS BROWN. I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT HERE!
WORKING WITH PAUL WILL INSURE THAT, MRS. LEMSON!
STILL HAVE THAT TIRED FEELING, MRS. LEMSON?
YES——AND MY HUBBY, TOO, DOCTOR. IN FACT, I DO BELIEVE IT'S GETTING WORSE. NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP IT... NOT EVEN THOSE PILLS YOU GAVE ME.
HMMMM! THANK YOU, MRS. LEMSON... I'LL TRY GETTING YOU SOMETHING ELSE. CALL ME IF CLORINDA'S STOMACH ACTS UP AGAIN.
Copyright 1953 The Scripps Howard Syndicate
THAT TIRED FEELING MRS. LEMSON SPOKE OF, PAUL... THAT WAS THE... THE POISON?
A WARM FAREWELL AND TORCHY FOUND HERSELF BESIDE PAUL, STRIDING BACK TOWARD THE CLINIC. HE WAS GRAVE AND HER QUESTION WAS ONE SHE WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK, YET SHE REALIZED TO REALLY HELP PAUL SHE MUST KNOW ALL THE FACTS.....
DOING IT'S SLOW, INSIDIOUS WORK, TORCHY! YES... THAT WAS IT. LET'S HURRY BACK. I'VE SOME THINGS AT THE CLINIC TO SHOW YOU!
CONT'D NEXT WEEK!

TORCHY in HEARTBEATS
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SOUTHVILLE WHERE SHE HAS COME TO JOIN YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND, TORCHY IS SHOCKED TO FIND HIM HEAD OF AN ILL-EQUIPPED, TUMBLE-DOWN CLINIC INSTEAD OF A MODERN HOSPITAL. HE TELLS HER A COLONEL FULLER IS THE REASON, AND NOW, AS PAUL EXPLAINS FURTHER.....
YES, DARLING, THE ALL-POWERFUL COLONEL* FULLER GOT VERY, VERY ANGRY WHEN YOURS TRULY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE!
LOOK OUT THERE, TORCHY! SEE THAT HUGE MODERN PLANT? COLONEL FULLER OWNS IT!
TORCHY'S GAZE FASTENED UPON THE SPRAWLING, MODERN BUILDINGS OF A HUGE PLANT. IT EPITOMIZED THE STRENGTH AND NEW INDUSTRY SHE'D HEARD WAS GROWING THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHLAND LIKE A YOUNG GIANT....
CHEMICALS, TORCHY—EVERYTHING FROM FIBRES TO FINISHED PLASTIC AND SYNTHETIC WEAVES! JUST ABOUT EVERYONE IN SOUTHVILLE AND THE SURROUNDING REGION WORKS THERE!
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHVILLE LIVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT SHADOW OF THE PLANT AND MR. BIG... COLONEL FULLER! IN SHORT, DARLING, THE PLANT AND ALL IT MEANS IS SOUTHVILLE!
BUT THE PLANT IS GOING FULL BLAST, APPARENTLY. CAN'T THE TOWN AFFORD A MODERN MEDICAL CLINIC?
THE PEOPLE... THE EVERYDAY WORKMAN AND HIS FAMILY... THEY DON'T EARN ENOUGH TO OUTFIT SUCH A CLINIC. COLONEL FULLER'S HARDLY A LIBERAL PAYMASTER.
JACK ORMES
BUT THERE IS A BUILDING READY AND WAITING TO BE EQUIPPED AS A MODERN HOSPITAL!
"THERE IS? I--I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, PAUL? WHY ARE YOU HERE IN THIS HORRIBLE OLD PLACE, THEN?
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YES—THE STRANGE PUZZLE OF PAUL'S WORDS WHIRLED IN THE GIRL'S MIND! SHE WAS YET TO LEARN THAT THE NEW INDUSTRIES OF THE SOUTHLAND DID NOT MEAN THE OLD ORDER HAD CHANGED!
Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY in HEARTBEATS
ONE MAN, TORCHY... ONE REACTIONARY MAN WHO DOGGEDLY CLINGS TO HIS WARPED BIASED THOUGHTS!
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SOUTHVILLE, WHERE TORCHY JOINS YOUNG DOCTOR HAMMOND, SHE IS SHOCKED TO FIND HE HEADS A TUMBLE-DOWN, ILL-EQUIPPED CLINIC INSTEAD OF A MODERN HOSPITAL. PAUL EXPLAINS HOW THE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT IS THE LIFEBLOOD OF THE REGION, AND NOW.....
YOU SAY THERE IS A BUILDING WAITING TO BE EQUIPPED AS A MODERN HOSPITAL! THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE IN THIS PLACE, PAUL?
JACK ORMES
I MEAN COLONEL FULLER! WITH HIS POWER OVER THIS REGION, HE CAN JUST ABOUT HAVE EVERYTHING THE WAY HE WANTS IT. YOU SEE, HE EXPECTED THE MEDICAL ACADEMY TO SEND A WHITE DOCTOR DOWN HERE. WHEN PROFESSOR BOWEN SENT ME, THE GOOD COLONEL WAS ENRAGED.
HE WANTED TO DO AS HE HAD ALWAYS DONE... MAKE THE COMMUNITY DOCTOR SORT OF A PRIVATE PHYSICIAN TO SERVE HIM AND HIS FAMILY, NEGLECT THE WORKING PEOPLE AND YET BE PAID OUT OF THE COMMUNITY TAX FUND.
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I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND, NOW, PAUL. NEW CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES DOESN'T MEAN THE OLD PREJUDICES GO, DOES IT?
NO, IT DOESN'T, DARLING... NOT HERE, ANYWAY! THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THINGS ARE CHANGING FOR THE BETTER EVERY DAY BUT I'M CONCERNED NOW WITH RIGHT HERE!

TORCHY, ANGER AT THE UNJUSTNESS OF IT ALL FLAMING INSIDE HER, GAZED OUT AT THE HUGE, SPRAWLING FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT. SHE WONDERED WHAT MANNER OF MAN COULD HAVE SO MUCH AND YET BEGRUDGE OTHERS EVEN THE BAREST OF HUMAN RIGHTS.. ....

I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM! I'D TELL HIM WHAT I THINK!
BECAUSE OF HIS PREJUDICES AND POWER, YOU'RE PREVENTED FROM USING A MODERN, EQUIPPED CLINIC! IT—— IT'S DISGRACE-FUL, PAUL!

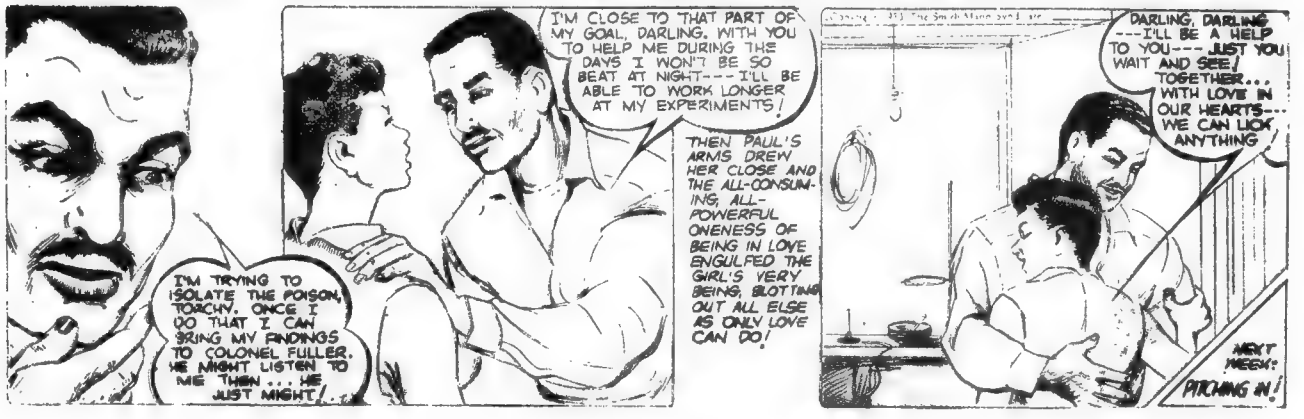
YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING, BUT COLONEL FULLER'S TOO POWERFUL TO CLASH HEAD-ON WITH, AGAIN. MY PRESENCE HERE HAS ALREADY BROUGHT ONE CLASH. THERE ARE OTHER THINGS... THINGS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN COLONEL FULLER'S PREJUDICES!
YOU MEAN IT'S TIME THE PEOPLE HAD A DOCTOR, EVEN ONE WITH HARDLY MUCH EQUIPMENT!
THAT'S TRUE ENOUGH, BUT I'M TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING AFFECTING EVERY SOUL IN THIS AREA... INCLUDING FULLER AND HIS FAMILY!

THE OMINOUS UNDERCURRENT OF PAUL'S WORDS GRIPPED TORCHY. WHAT WAS THIS THING THAT CLOUDED PAUL'S EYES WITH A CURTAIN OF CONCERN?

Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY in HEARTBEATS

IN SOUTHVILLE, TORCHY LEARNS THAT PAUL IS CONVINCED THAT WASTE DISPOSAL FROM THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT IS SLOWLY POISONING THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY. NOW, AS THEY RETURN TO THE CLINIC AFTER A HOUSE CALL.....
PAUL...WHY DON'T YOU GO TO FULLER HIMSELF WITH YOUR FINDINGS? CONVINCE HIM OF WHAT HE'S DOING!
BECAUSE I CAN'T---NOT YET, ANYWAY. COME INTO THE BACK ROOM WITH ME A SECOND, DARLING.
HERE'S WHERE I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING EVERY NIGHT, WORKING WITH BLOOD SAMPLES TAKEN FROM CLINIC PATIENTS.


I'M TRYING TO ISOLATE THE POISON, TORCHY. ONCE I DO THAT I CAN BRING MY FINDINGS TO COLONEL FULLER. HE MIGHT LISTEN TO ME THEN... HE JUST MIGHT!..
I'M CLOSE TO THAT PART OF MY GOAL, DARLING, WITH YOU TO HELP ME DURING THE DAYS I WON'T BE SO BEAT AT NIGHT--- I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK LONGER AT MY EXPERIMENTS!
DARLING, DARLING ---I'LL BE A HELP TO YOU--- JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE! TOGETHER... WITH LOVE IN OUR HEARTS--- WE CAN LICK ANYTHING!
NEXT WEEK: PITCHING IN!

THEN PAUL'S ARMS DREW HER CLOSE AND THE ALL-CONSUMING, ALL-POWERFUL ONENESS OF BEING IN LOVE ENGULFED THE GIRL'S VERY BEING, BLOTTING OUT ALL ELSE AS ONLY LOVE CAN DO!

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
IN SOUTHVILLE, YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND IS READY TO PRESENT PROOF THAT THE WASTE PRODUCTS OF THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT POISON THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY. THE PLANT IS OWNED BY PREJUDICED, BIGOTED COLONEL JOSHUA FULLER. BUT AS HE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE, AN EMERGENCY CASE COMES INTO THE CLINIC AND NOW....
MORE PLASMA, DOCTOR...?
NO--THAT WILL DO! HE'S LOST PLENTY OF BLOOD BUT I THINK WE'VE CHECKED IT, NOW!
Copyright 1953, The Smith-Mann Syndicate
I'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE TILL HE COMES OUT OF THE ANAESTHETIC... IT MIGHT BE HOURS! I WON'T NEED YOU, NOW, DARLING.
HOURS!!
BUT WHAT ABOUT PRESENTING YOUR FINDINGS TO COLONEL FULLER, PAUL? YOU SAID EVERY MOMENT COUNTS!
I KNOW, TORCHY--AND IT DOES! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE HERE NOW!
YOU MEAN...?
BUT I COULD!
EXACTLY! I COULD TAKE YOUR FINDINGS TO COLONEL FULLER, PAUL! I KNOW WHAT'S IN THEM--- WHAT THEY MEAN! HE'LL LISTEN TO ME AS WELL AS HE WILL YOU--- IF HE LISTENS!
WHY NOT? THOSE FINDINGS MUST BE BROUGHT TO HIS ATTENTION! GO AHEAD, DARLING --- I'LL BE PRAYING FOR YOU!
Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND IS ABOUT TO LEAVE TO PRESENT PROOF THAT THE WASTE PRODUCTS OF THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT POISONS THE COMMUNITY WHEN AN EMERGENCY CASE COMES UP AND NOW TORCHY WAITS WITH THE FINDINGS TO SEE BIGOTED COLONEL JOSHUA FULLER-----
COLONEL FULLER CAN GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES.
TORCHY ROSE TO ENTER THE INNER PRIVATE OFFICE WHEN THE RECEPTIONIST'S WORDS HALTED HER....
OH...!
COLONEL FULLER WILL BE OUT TO SEE YOU!
THE IMPLICATION WAS CLEAR BUT THE GIRL HELD HER TEMPER. PRESENTING PAUL'S FINDINGS WAS THE IMPORTANT THING. SUDDENLY, FOR BUT A FLEETING MOMENT, AS THE DOOR OPENED, HER STOMACH KNOTTED IN TENSE NERVOUSNESS....
I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM SEE! I'VE GOT TO!
THEN HER EYES MET THE CLEAR, HARD ORBS OF THE STUBBORN, POWERFUL HEAD OF THE FULLER CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES. THEY WERE PENETRATING, UNYIELDING EYES, THE EYES OF A MAN WHO WORE AUTHORITY LIKE A CLOAK ABOUT HIS SOUL----
YES?.. YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
Copyright 1953, The Smith-Mann Syndicate
JACK ORMES

COLONEL FULLER'S PIERCING EYES SEEMED TO LOOK RIGHT THROUGH THE GIRL'S SLENDER FORM. FINDING HER VOICE, TORCHY SUDDENLY KNEW THERE WAS NO EASY WAY TO SAY WHAT SHE MUST—NO WAY BUT THE BLUNT TRUTH!
I--I'VE COME FOR DOCTOR HAMMOND AT THE CLINIC. I'VE BROUGHT HIS FINDINGS---HERE IN THIS FOLDER.
FINDINGS..? I'M AFRAID I DON'T FOLLOW YOU.
I'LL BE FRANK, COLONEL FULLER. DOCTOR HAMMOND HAS SUSPECTED FOR SOME TIME THAT THE WASTE PRODUCTS OF YOUR PLANT ARE POISONING THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY THROUGH ABSORPTION IN THE WATER, THE VERY LAND ITSELF. THESE ANALYSIS OF BLOOD SAMPLES FROM CLINIC PATIENTS PROVE HE IS RIGHT!
HAW- HAW- HAW --- DID YOU HEAR THAT, MISS TOWER? HAW- HAW- HAW- HAW! THAT'S RICH--- REALLY RICH!
THE MAN SAID NOTHING FOR A LONG MOMENT WHILE HIS HARD EYES CONTINUED TO PROBE HERS. TORCHY WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF HE'D HEARD WHAT SHE HAD SAID WHEN SUDDENLY HIS BODY RELAXED. THROWING BACK HIS HEAD HE BEGAN TO LAUGH---A LAUGHTER THAT GREW TILL IT FILLED THE ROOM!
cont'd next week!

TORCHY
in
HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND'S CHEMICAL ANALYSIS SHOW THAT THE WASTE PRODUCTS OF THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT ARE SLOWLY POISONING THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY. TORCHY TAKES THE FINDINGS TO BIGOTED COLONEL FULLER WHILE PAUL IS BUSY WITH AN EMERGENCY CASE AT THE CLINIC AND NOW.....
YES— THAT'S REALLY RICH! YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU NOW?
THE MAN'S ROARING LAUGHTER ENDED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN AND NOW THE AMUSEMENT, A SARDONIC, SUPERIOR AMUSEMENT DANCED IN THOSE COLD, BLUE EYES. TAKEN ABACK AT FIRST, TORCHY NOW FELT HER OWN ANGER WELLING UP INSIDE HER—
YES— BUT THEN I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME TRACE OF DECENCY AND PLAIN, ORDINARY COMMON-SENSE ABOUT YOU!
SHE SAW THE AMUSEMENT QUICKLY LEAVE THE MAN'S EYES BUT NOW INDIGNATION FIRED THE WORD SHE SPOKE IN ANGRY SCORN—
THESE FINDINGS OF DOCTOR HAMMOND'S SHOW THE TRUE PICTURE OF WHAT THE WASTES FROM YOUR PLANT ARE DOING TO THIS COMMUNITY. YET YOU WON'T EVEN LOOK AT THEM AND YOU CALL YOURSELF ONE OF THE LEADERS OF SOUTHVILLE!
JACKIE ORMES
I DON'T INTEND TO LOOK AT THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE PURE RUBBISH— TRUMPED UP CHARGES TO CREATE DISSENSION AND TROUBLE.

NO—YOU WON'T LOOK AT THEM BECAUSE THEY COME FROM PAUL HAMMOND! IT MUST BE TERRIBLE TO BE SO TWISTED UP INSIDE THAT YOU CAN NO LONGER EVEN THINK STRAIGHT!
I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME HERE. GOOD DAY!
PRIVATE
COLONEL FULLER SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND TORCHY, HER MIND WHIRLING, STUMBLED FROM THE OUTER OFFICE. SHE'D FAILED PAUL! THE WORDS WENT ROUND AND ROUND IN HER MIND...
I LET HIM GET UNDER MY SKIN! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER!
I HANDLED IT MISERABLY— JUST MISERABLY! PAUL WARNED ME THE MAN WAS BIGOTED, PREJUDICED! MAYBE I'D HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT IF HE HADN'T LAUGHED SO AT PAUL'S CONCLUSIONS!
I— (CHOKE)— I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL TELL PAUL WHAT HAPPENED! I WAS SO SURE I COULD MAKE FULLER READ THE FINDINGS....I WAS SO SURE!
FULLER CHEMICAL
CROSS TRAIL ROAD
SLOWLY, TORCHY STARTED BACK TO THE CLINIC WITH A HEAVY HEART, WONDERING IF SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY, SHE MIGHT SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM HER FAILURE.
Cont'd Next Week!

TORCHY in HEARTBEATS
YOUNG DOCTOR PAUL HAMMOND'S CHEMICAL ANALYSIS SHOW THE WASTE PRODUCTS OF THE HUGE FULLER CHEMICAL PLANT ARE SLOWLY POISONING THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY. BUT BIGOTED, PREJUDICED COLONEL JOSHUA FULLER REFUSES TO LISTEN TO TORCHY WHEN SHE BRINGS PAUL'S FINDINGS TO HIM AND SO, NOW...
I—(CHOKE)—I FAILED PAUL! HOW WILL I EVER TELL HIM ...HOW?
DISCONSOLATELY, TORCHY WALKED BACK DOWN THE LONELY ROAD TO THE CLINIC, PAUSING ONLY TO WIPE A TEAR FROM HER CHEEK. WHEN SHE REACHED THE CLINIC SHE SAW PAUL INSIDE— ALONE— WAITING—
JACKIE OLMES
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WITH A LAST, DEEP SIGH, SHE MOVED INTO THE DOORWAY. HER HEART TURNED OVER AS SHE SAW THE WARM SMILE OF WELCOME THAT QUICKLY MOVED OVER PAUL'S COUNTENANCE....
DARLING....! YOU'RE BACK ALREADY! COME ON IN— DON'T STAND THERE!
WAIT—! I—I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING, FIRST! I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY OR DO— I WON'T BLAME YOU, DARLING!

Next Issue:

Gasoline Alley's Flights of Fancy!

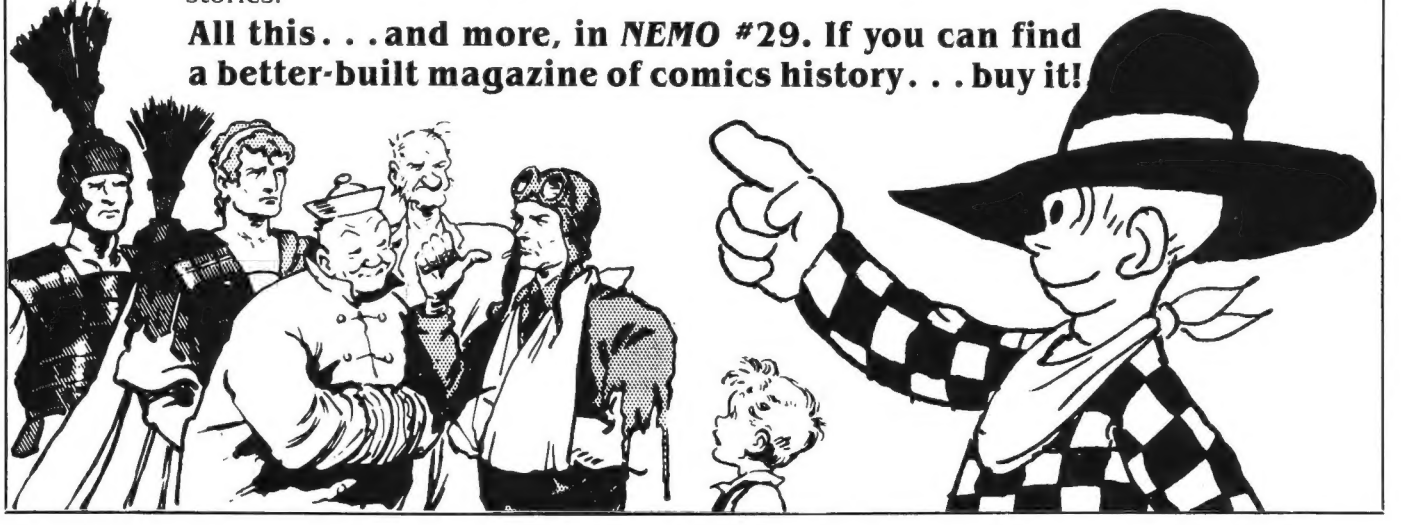
Cartoonist Frank King established his *Gasoline Alley* as one of the consistently finest Sunday pages in strip history. Many comics fans are familiar with his innovative use of panel arrangement, color, decoration, and impressive themes—reflections on modern art, woodcut renderings, autumnal changes, etc. King also frequently exercised his imagination in classic Sundays that had Skeezix flying . . . across the continent, through space, back in time, and to fantasy locations. These pages are true masterpieces, and *NEMO* #29 offers a full portfolio of these gems, lovingly reproduced, with a full-color cover detail.

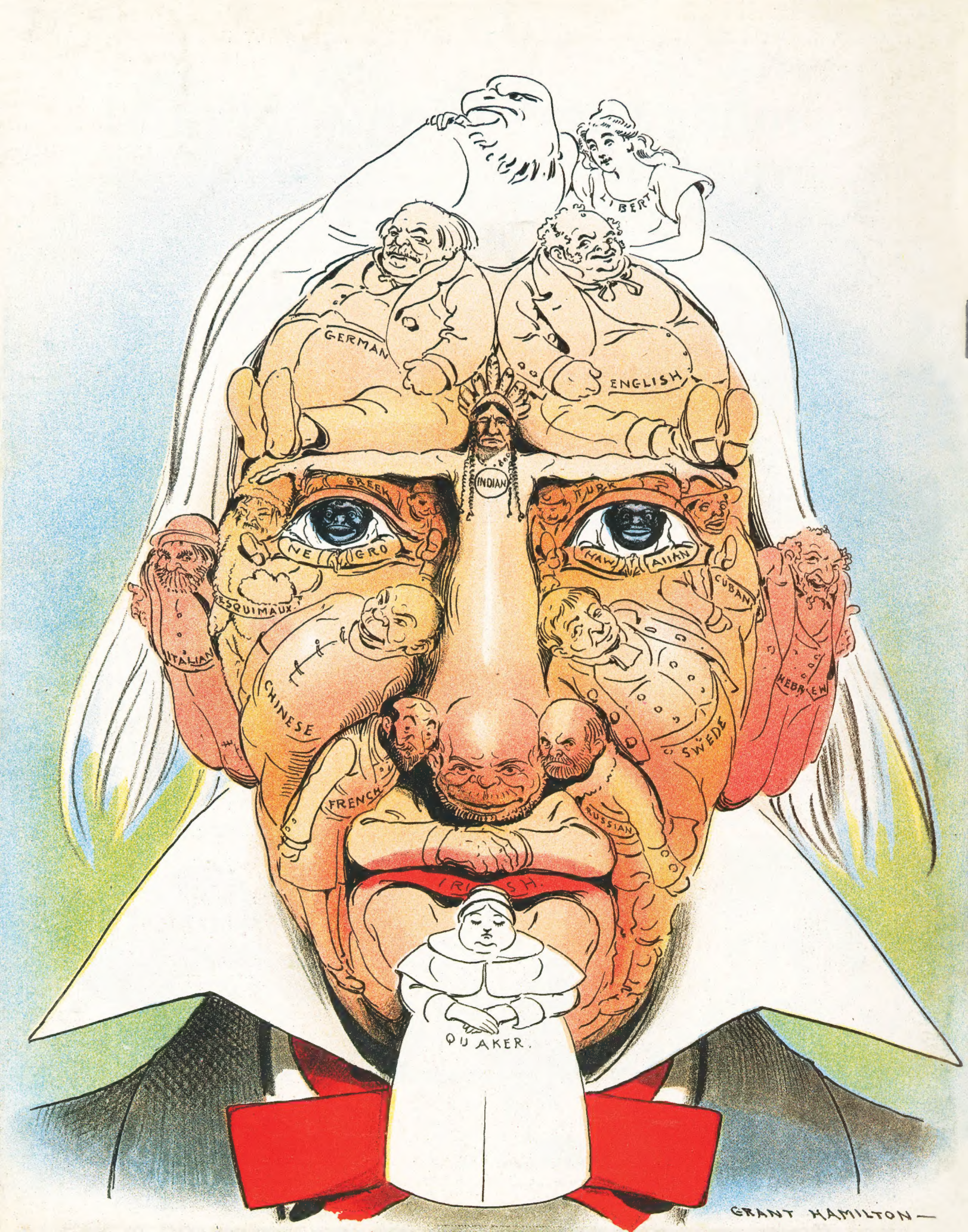
A Comic-Strip Legend—Ferd Johnson joined *Moon Mullins* as assistant to Frank Willard during the strip's second week of existence in 1922; today, he signs the strip as he has for years. He also created the wildly funny *Texas Slim* page, which ran from the 1920s to the 1950s. *NEMO* #29 offers a detailed interview with Johnson, revealing bits of history and details of the *Chicago Tribune*'s legendary bullpen. Also: A full portfolio of hilarious *Texas Slim* pages . . . photographs . . . *Moon Mullins* classics!

Action, Suspense, and Adventure—A forgotten comic-strip gem is *Ming Foo*, the 1930s adventure strip by Afonsky and Walsh. It starred a stereotypical Oriental fellow spouting homiletic sayings, but beyond that it was an engaging, fast-paced continuity, tightly written and well-drawn. *NEMO* #29 presents a complete Sunday episode.

Eyewitness to Comics History—Moses Koenigsberg is a name virtually forgotten today, but he was a newspaper and syndicate exec (King Features is named for him) who mightily molded the strip business. *NEMO* #29 presents his reminiscences, with fascinating details and inside stories!

All this . . . and more, in *NEMO* #29. If you can find a better-built magazine of comics history . . . buy it!

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